

January, 1939

The Liguorian



New Year Prophecy

C. D. McEnniry

•

Brave New Year

C. Duhart

•

And So With Thousands —

E. F. Miller

•

I Read in the Newspapers

J. Higgins

Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

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AMONGST OURSELVES

The editor of a Catholic newspaper recently put on a campaign to increase circulation. In his subsequent mail he received a check for \$200, with a note that it was to be used for subscriptions for deserving persons selected by the editor. We won't go so far as to say we are jealous, but that is our idea of one form of Catholic Action. Sometimes, when we hear arguments against subscribing to Catholic publications, we think that even millionaires would read Catholic literature, if only someone would pay their subscription. However, we are afraid that last remark is a little "catty," so we shall say this: A fairly large number of our subscribers used the gift subscription blanks in the December issue to send **THE LIGUORIAN** to their friends through 1939, for which we felt both thankful and encouraged. Now if you intended to do so and forgot, we'll still accept such gift subscriptions, and if you wish, send a New Year's Greeting to your friend to boot. Regardless of all that, we wish everybody

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YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU

The word of prayer you whispered for a stranger
Whose eyes spoke fear, or hunger, or great danger.

The cup you gave the thirsty; or the raiment
You gave the poor — not asking meed or payment.

The smile that broke a sad soul's grim despairing,
The cheery wish that sent him bravely faring.

The sunshine brought to sick room's sombre sameness,
The hand you gave to weakness, blindness, lameness.

The comfort giv'n those torn by death's bereaving,
When comradeship meant lonely hearts' relieving.

The time you spent mid childhood's happy faces
To teach child feet to walk in holy places.

The bread of truth you broke for those neglected
Because their care no worldly fame reflected.

Each word, each smile, each crust, each prayer, each penny
You gave for love to those who had not any —

You only thought you gave; but beyond measure
You gained, by giving, treasure upon treasure.

To most men death means all things here forsaking
Of gold and silver, home and lands, none taking —

But this you take through death and into heaven
What you have had — and out of love have given!

— D. F. Miller.

FATHER TIM CASEY

NEW YEAR PROPHECY

C. D. McENNERY

THE door of St. Mary's club room burst open, and in blew Gerald Dambach, Stephen Tighe and a blast of freezing December wind.

"Oh, you poor boys, you must be frozen," gushed Delizia Hogan.

"We shall all be frozen if you do not hurry up and shut that door," growled Richard Ranaghan.

"Will you join us in our toast 'to the old year out and the new year in?'" Gabriella Flanders did not wait for an answer but ran at once to fetch two tall tumblers from the sideboard.

"You bet we will, Gaby," they called after her, then wriggled out of overcoats and mufflers and turned, full of smiles, to receive the glasses from her hand. All their enthusiasm suddenly evaporated however when they saw behind her Fanny Blessig with a big pitcher of — lemonade.

"What the Heck! I thought this was a New Year party. Are we expected to see the old year out and the new year in with *that!* !!"

"Drink up like good little boys," Gabriella encouraged. "It's steaming hot — just the thing to ward off an attack of the flu in this treacherous weather."

Which is worse, this or the flu?" Tighe demanded, taking a long draught of the harmless concoction.

"And don't be making such a face about it," chided Fanny. "Didn't you see Doctor Sandron's article in the evening paper? He warns against the fatal error of seeking warmth from alcoholic beverages in zero weather. The passing feeling of warmth which they excite is wholly artificial, and it is followed by a dangerous —"

"Aw, let Doc Sandron go jump in the lake — since he likes water so much."

FATHER CASEY had entered the room in time to hear Gerald Dambach's last remark.

"Looking back over the past year, Gerald," he said, "You will find it

was not at lemonade parties you said and did the things you now regret."

"Looking back over the past year," Richard Ranaghan, president of the club, caught at the phrase as a hook upon which to hang his own reflections, "Looking back over the past year — as befits a thoughtful group on a night like this — what do we see?"

"Looking back over the past fifteen minutes we see that you have been dropping half your ashes on our newly-cleaned rug," snapped Fanny.

"The less looking back, the better, if you ask me," Tighe volunteered. "Old 1938 is dead — rest to its bones. What will 1939 bring? That is the question of the hour." Clearly the hot lemonade had limbered his tongue.

"Question is right. That's just the trouble with it — all question and no answer."

"Father Casey can give us the answer," Ann Wigglesworth suggested. "He is in intimate contact with people in all parts of the world. That and his long experience —"

"Yes, yes, Father Casey," they echoed in chorus, "tell us something about the coming year."

"The coming 1939," he answered slowly, "will be a memorable year."

"Yes, Father? Will it, Father? Why, Father?"

"Because during 1939 will occur the greatest event the world has ever witnessed."

An index to the mental state of everybody today is the fact that this group, so varied in character and views, asked with one voice: "Will there be a universal war?"

"That I do not know. But a universal war, with all its devastating results, would, in comparison with the event to which I refer, be a trifle, would be nothing."

"Oh, I know," cried Stephen, "I know the stupendous event that is going to happen in 1939. Gaby Flanders is going to get married!"

"Oh, Gabriella! And make me the happiest man in the world! And so your stony heart has softened at last before my ardent wooing." Richard Ranaghan bent a knightly knee before her.

"Be your age, Dick," she retorted. "Get up, and shut up. The priest is talking seriously." Then turning to Father Casey: "Tell us, Father, please, of the great event that will happen in 1939."

"It will be the payment — the payment in full of an immense debt."

"You mean the payment of the post-war debt to the United States? I hae me doots." And Dambach wagged an incredulous head.

"It will be the payment of a debt, besides which the multi-billion post-war debt to the United States is a trifle, is nothing."

"And it will be paid? In full? This year?"

"Absolutely. Nor is that all: this event will furthermore be the righting of a great wrong."

"To the Chinese? To the Russian people? To the —"

"A wrong greater than the Chinese or the Russian people ever suffered or could possibly suffer. This event will mean the righting of that wrong. It will also mean the performance of a duty — an all-important duty incumbent upon every man, woman and child in the world. Lastly it will be the presentation of a petition — a petition for all that you and I and every human being really needs. This petition will be directed to One who is able to grant it and will be backed by One who is influential enough to obtain it. . . . Yes, this great event will make 1939 a memorable year."

"What can it possibly be? — Sounds like a fairy tale to me — I know it is something holy, but for the life of me I cannot think what it is. . . ." They puzzled over the problem, but none could solve it.

"There is good reason to suspect you young people do not *live* your faith, otherwise you would not hesitate a moment in naming the event to which I refer," the priest told them.

"Do we know what it is?"

"Certainly you do. You have known it all your lives — at least theoretically, but I fear *only* theoretically. Because, if the words you learned by rote really meant anything to you, you would be constantly so impressed by this awesome event that you would know immediately I was speaking of it."

"What is it, Father? What is the great event that will make 1939 memorable in the history of the world?"

"The MASS."

"O H, THE Mass! When — what Mass, Father?"

"The Mass that will be celebrated in some part of the world every moment of the night and day from midnight, December 31, 1938, till midnight, December 31, 1939."

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"But why call this year memorable? The Mass has been celebrated in other years as well."

"Because *every* year that witnesses this stupendous event is a memorable year — memorable in time and in eternity."

"Can you really say that the Mass is a greater event than the death of Jesus on the cross?"

"The sacrifice of Himself to the Eternal Father, which Christ makes on the cross and the sacrifice of Himself which he makes on the altar are one and the same sacrifice. There is no question of greater or lesser. I am not even making a distinction of greater or lesser between the Incarnation and the Redemption because the two are so closely bound together."

"You say, Father, that the Mass is the payment of an immense debt?"

"Yes, the debt of gratitude we owe to God. Europe owes us a debt because we gave her several billion dollars. We owe God a debt because He gave us everything we have and everything we are. Think how great is my debt to God, and yours, and everybody's. Add all these together. What an immense debt of gratitude the human race owes to God. This debt is paid by the Mass — fully, superabundantly paid."

"How so, Father?"

"Because the Mass is essentially a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Its very name — Eucharistic sacrifice — comes from the Greek and means a sacrifice of thanksgiving. In the Mass we unite with the Only begotten Divine Son in offering Himself to the Eternal Father in thanksgiving for all His benefits to the world. What we offer out of gratitude is of infinitely greater value than all created gifts God gave or could give to the world. Therefore in the Mass the immense debt of gratitude which the whole human race owes to God is fully, superabundantly paid."

"And you said the Mass rights a great wrong."

"The greatest wrong ever perpetrated was when God's own creatures turned and used their God-given faculties to offend the Giver — when they committed sin. It is a wrong so great that they, of themselves, could never adequately repair it. The Mass is a sacrifice of reparation. In the Mass we offer the sacred Blood of God shed in reparation for sin, one drop of which is more than enough to make reparation for all the sins of the world. Thus we right the greatest wrong."

"And, you said, perform a duty."

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"Our chief duty, I might say, our only duty is to adore God, to adore the All-holy, the all-perfect God, Our supreme Lord and Master, our Eternal King. We have no other duty except that and what is contained in that. The Mass is a sacrifice of adoration. When we join with Christ, the great High Priest, in sacrificing Himself in adoration to His Eternal Father, we perform our essential duty as men and creatures. . . ."

"And we present a petition?"

"We all are only helpless beggars. The sooner we acknowledge the fact, the better for us. We are nothing, we have nothing, we can do nothing without God. Therefore, if we have sense, we will be continually asking Him to make us what we should be, to give us what we should have, to guide and strengthen us to do what we should do. Christ Himself said so: 'You ought always to pray' — be always presenting your petitions to the Most High. The Mass is a sacrifice of petition. In the Mass we ask for all we need from One who can surely grant it, backed by One who can surely obtain it. Hence no other work we can possibly do is so practical, so useful, so fruitful as offering the Mass."

"**F**ATHER CASEY, we thank you for helping us to grasp the meaning of a doctrine we have been repeating all our lives without understanding it," said Richard Ranaghan. "Now listen a moment and see if we have not been apt and docile pupils." And the young lawyer summed up. "The year 1939 will be memorable in the annals of time and eternity because it will witness the continuous enactment of the greatest event this world has ever seen, the holy sacrifice of the Mass. The Mass is a sacrifice of Thanksgiving, of Expiation, of Adoration, of Supplication. In the Mass, man's debt of gratitude to God is paid; the wrong done to God by sin is righted; man's first and essential duty of adoring his Lord and Maker is fulfilled; our petitions to God the Father are presented by God the Son."

"Well done, Richard! Well done! You have learned your lesson well."

"We have learned too what to take for our New Year resolution," added Gabriella Flanders.

"What do you mean — found our New Year resolution?" queried Stephen Tighe.

"Why, Steve! After what we have just heard, how could we hesi-

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tate to make a resolution to hear Mass every morning of 1939?"

"Every morning? Even on week days?" he asked in alarm.

"Of course. Isn't Mass said on week days as well as on Sundays?" she replied.

"I know very well Mass is said on week days. But what gives me pause is the thought of getting up an hour earlier and going to it."

"Would you allow your hankering after sleep in the morning — or your senseless habit of going to bed too late at night — in a word, would you allow the pampering of your body and of your senses to prevent you from taking your privileged part in the daily enactment of the greatest event the world has ever seen?" asked Father Casey.

Painless Progress

"Inventions and discoveries are utilized today to minimize pain and to increase comforts; the automobile spares us the necessity of walking and elevators relieve us of the burden of climbing stairs. We have painless surgery and painless dentistry and painless education. All these fruits of modern progress are genuine advantages, but there is a possibility that they may weaken the stamina of our people. There is reason to suspect that they are doing so. It seems safe to say that our generation is becoming soft; certainly we seem to lack the powers of endurance that were commonplace to our forefathers. Our football players are largely recruited from families that have recently immigrated to our country and that have had little time to become enervated by luxuries. Perhaps one reason why colored athletes are forging ahead so conspicuously at present is that they developed their muscles when they were young by using their legs instead of being carried to school in automobiles. The danger of crossing traffic-laden streets justifies parents in taking their children to school each day in the family car, but something should be done to neutralize the effects of this indulgence. The youngsters should not be allowed to come to the belief that walking is a hardship for which they are unable." — *Raphael McCarthy, S.J.*

He who loves, does not labor. — *St. Augustine.*

Say to the faint hearted: Take courage and fear not; God Himself will come and will save you.

Work is the weapon of honor; he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

BRAVE NEW YEAR

"If all the seas were one sea, what a great sea that would be." And if all the world's leaders were one leader (whose name is Christ), what a great world this would be. Here is what it would mean.

C. DUHART

It all happened in a dream — one of the fairest dreams I think that man has ever dreamed. For had that dream come true, the world in which we live would have been a better and a saner place. The theme was New Year's Day and New Year's resolutions. A brighter New Year's Day, one more propitious for human happiness had never dawned. And this is the story that the newspapers on January 2, told the world. It was a story about New Year's resolutions, a story tremendous in its bearing upon human well-being and human prosperity.

"Our correspondents were busy yesterday in every section of the globe contacting persons and groups of prominence, and sounding them on the general theme of New Year resolutions. When all reports were in, it was found that we had obtained the astounding results which are here detailed:"

The Big 4 (Chamberlain, Daladier, Mussolini, Hitler), The Little 3, The Small 5, and The Minute 199-in Joint Session.

"We have unanimously determined to break irrevocably from the diplomatic traditions of the past. Our respective statesmen have been successful in nothing so clearly as in keeping the whole world under constant threat of disastrous war. In the past, we have been too concerned about our own individual interests, too slow in yielding a point for the common well being, too unscrupulous in many of our private treaties. But the greatest sin of many statesmen of the past and present has been the awful crime of blasphemy in telling God, the Lord of the Universe, that He had no business in our discussion for world peace and world prosperity. And to make some amends for our faults of the past, and to make the world a better place for peoples of all nationalities,

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we hereby draw up a joint program to be put into operation on January 1, 1939.

- 1) We acknowledge God as the Supreme Lord and Master of the whole world. We believe that His laws are binding not only upon individuals, but also upon nations and the statesmen and representatives and diplomats of nations. We see in the Holy Father the Pope, the Head of the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Christ upon earth — we see in him a man who by his position as Universal Father of millions of spiritual children, is eminently and supremely fitted to concur in the deliberations of the nations of the world.
- 2) We discard war as an ordinary policy of international relations. In token of this renunciation, we shall begin immediately a joint scaling down of armaments and the sinews of war.
- 3) We who represent the more populous and more powerful nations will never presume to use our power for unworthy ends, such as to beat smaller governments into submission to our wishes by the unjust threat of war."

Adolf Hitler

"Too long have I spurned the advice of those who warned me that I was going the way of Henry IV and Bismarck along the road to Canossa. Too careless have I been about the matter of treaties and pledges and concordats and promises. Too much grief have I sown in the soil of Germany by unjust persecution of law-abiding Christians and Jews. Too much devastation have I wrought in the spiritual life of Germany, and back-bone of my great people, by my policy of discriminating against Catholic schools and Catholic organizations and the teaching of Catholic doctrine. Too much fear and trepidation have I brought into the hearts of nations, by my unbalanced attitude on war. For my own peace of mind, for the good of the German people, for the welfare of foreign nations, I resolve to change my way in all these things."

Josef Stalin

"'The Dictatorship of the Proletariat' in Soviet Russia has always

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meant the dictatorship over the proletariat. Since the inception of the Communist movement in Russia, a few strong men have always held the reins of power, and manipulated them to make the poor, suffering millions of Russia jump and dance as creatures in a puppet show. I see only one way out of the difficulty. That way is not the dictatorship of or over the proletariat, but the abolition of the proletariat. The evil in Capitalism was and is not the fact that some men own prosperity, but the crying, clamoring misfortune that so many millions own nothing at all. When we spoke of Capitalism as the seat of all modern troubles, we were really referring to Protelarianism. And this is now our resolve — to wipe out the Proletariat from the boundaries of Russia, by doing our best to make every man, an owner, a possessor of property."

Edouard Daladier

"Poor France has long since fallen from the shining glory which was once hers. The cause, the root of all the evil is clear for anyone who cares to see. For many years now, the secret societies centered in Masonry have held a barnacle-like grip on the throat of poor France. They have wielded a power in the chambers of the nation out of all proportion to their numbers, out of all proportion to their desire to work for the glory and prosperity of France. Of late years, their strength has been augmented by the accretion of Communism and Communists. Men and societies who have wreaked the terrible havoc which they have wrought in beautiful France are nothing less than traitors to their country. It shall be the business of my premiership, and the aim of my every serious endeavor to restore France to her former greatness by scuttling the ship protecting these rats which gnaw at the very foundation of the State."

Red Government of Spain

"We have ever had but one aim in this so-called fight of ours for democracy — that aim was to make Spain a Communist State, in accordance with the original plan of the leaders of Communism — to make Europe burn from both ends, and thereby inflame the whole continent in a universal conflagration of Redism. The people of the Spanish nation have kept us on the defensive throughout most of the war, our only salvation being the help imported from Russia, France and other nations,

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and the lying propaganda which we hardly dared hope would be swallowed so gullibly. The war still persists because General Franco is anxious to spare as much of his country as possible.

"To drive us out by destroying flourishing cities would only mean that later on he would be put to the task of reconstruction. We have never been beset by that difficulty — for we have been fighting for Communist Russia. What have we cared whether the whole of beautiful Spain was made a shambles? What have we cared for the loss of priceless treasures of art, for the destruction of cathedrals, churches and historic edifices, for the burning of valuable libraries? What have we cared if the very life's blood of Spain was spilled, if the fairest flower of her sons and daughters was plucked and left to wither by the wayside? We have been fighting for Communistic Russia.

"But we are beginning to see how destructive have been our aims and methods. We have come to thrill to the heroism of this noble race which will fight to the last drop of blood for their honor, their country, their religion, and their God. We have decided to come to terms with General Franco, to terms which will free Spain from the clutches of a foreign-minded Communism."

The C.I.O. and A.F. of L. in Joint Session

"How foolish we have been in dividing the forces of labor during the past few years — more than that, in pitting the forces of labor against the forces of labor, when there were mighty enemies warring against us from without. There is place in the ranks of labor for both organizations. There is a place for the C.I.O. and a place for the A.F. of L., working in harmony towards a common goal and a common welfare. We will man our resources against enemies who attack us from without, but we will not forget the internal foe who holds his dagger poised to strike us from within. We absolutely denounce the principles of Communism. We propose to drive any Communistic organizer from our joint organization. And we shall be very wary about any Communist at all who enters our group, remembering how many Communists are apostles of Communism."

Big Business in an Important Committee Meeting

"We shudder at the thought of the horrors which can be laid to our account, because of our inhumane practice of regarding labor in so many instances, as just one more commodity to be purchased and kept in working condition. That we could have forgotten the dignity of every human being as a Child of God, and the Lord of Creation, seems almost inconceivable to us in our present state of mind. It makes us out to be monsters of the type of Nero and Caligula, though the world has always honored and courted us.

"We see that this condition cannot continue, without the whole structure of social life toppling into ruins. We see that as the Popes have suggested, Capital and Labor must work hand in hand. Capital must help Labor; Labor must help Capital. To manifest our determination to help Labor, we are agreed to pay our employees living annual wages, to provide that working conditions meet all the requirements of health, and above all, to remember that Capitalists and Laborers are formed of the same clay by the same Divine Father and Creator."

Money Over-lords

"Yes, we do exist. Of course, the success of our work has depended to a great degree upon the secrecy which veiled it. We have laughed down those who would reveal our activities. We have used our closed press and submissive radio to promote our own aims. We have turned to ridicule, and accused of naivete, those who sought to expose us. But no one has ever spoken of our 'immense power and despotic economic domination' as has Pope Pius XI when he wrote in his Encyclical, 'Forty Years After'—'This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying so to speak, the life-blood to the entire economic body, and grasping as it were, in their hands, the very soul of production, so that no one dare breathe against their will.' Even so-called experts of economics have been loath to grasp the significance of that word 'irresistible'. If irresistible, it means nothing less than that this power of holding and controlling credit must be wrested from us before any economic progress can be made.

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"For some reason, that we can hardly explain, a kindly feeling towards the human race has replaced our former attitude of coldness and harshness, on this New Year's Day. We have determined to relinquish this ill-gotten power which we possess, for the happiness of the whole world."

International Congress of Scientists

"We have fully resolved for the future to keep our pronouncements strictly within the field of science. No more will people hear from us that sciences and religion are opposed, for they operate on entirely different planes. Moreover, experience has taught us the advisability of speaking of our hypotheses as hypotheses and not as proven facts. We shall also exert some control over the members of our craft who at the least provocation declare dogmatically to such facts as that a newly-found skull is 16,000,000 years old or more. If the man has facts or proofs, let him present them. If not, then let him not afflict a long-suffering world with his inanities."

Association of Newspaper Owners

"Our craft has won for itself an unenviable reputation which up to now we have all too clearly deserved. From this time forth, we shall restrict our editorials to the editorial page and not permit them to creep into the pure reporting of news. We shall refuse to any interests the right to dictate what we shall print. We shall be more careful and less eager to burst into print on various subjects unless we can substantiate our statements with the hard rock of fact. We shall not misrepresent events, and prejudice shall no longer rule supreme over what we publish."

Mrs Roosevelt

"Henceforth, I shall keep my sage opinions to myself on topics of which I know nothing."

The Indifferent Catholic

"During most of my life, religion and the Catholic Faith has meant to me only attendance at Mass on Sundays — sometimes, and performance of my Easter Duties — sometimes. I am beginning to see that it is the Catholic Church which is keeping order and authority and sanity alive in the world today — that it is the Catholic Church alone which gives the complete answer to life's problems. I have not much to say, except that I am going to try to be a real Catholic."

The Catholic Layman

"My belief was that all that was asked of me, was to save my own soul. The work of converting outsiders I always felt to be the task of the priest. But I have come to wonder whether Our Lord's saying about letting our light shine before men, applies to me. I have heard that St. Teresa of Avila converted as many souls by her prayers as St. Francis Xavier did through his preaching. Perhaps, if I prayed a bit more for the conversion of sinners and non-Catholics, if I knew more about my Faith, if I had always ready an apt answer to the queries of non-Catholics, if I knew the Catholic viewpoint on burning questions of the day, I could do a great deal of good for the salvation of souls."

Catholic Priests

"Christ has called us 'the salt of the earth', and has declared that if we lose our savor, not only ourselves but those we direct will come to ruin. Christ has made us captains in His mighty army. There is nothing we have more at heart than the determination to be a life-giving salt diffusing its savor throughout the Catholic body — to be worthy, self-sacrificing captains of our troops, ready to give our time and energies and very lives in the discharge of our office."

* * *

So I dreamed and when I awoke from the dream — it was only a long day dream — I thought to myself — "Yes, some of these hopes are extremely fantastic, some seemingly impossible. But there are a few well within possibility of attainment. If only Catholics at least, would do their part to make some of these dreams come true."

THREE WAYS TO RESOLVE

L. F. Hyland

The amount of character you possess can easily be judged by the form into which you usually throw your resolutions. (If you happen to be of the type that never makes any resolutions—that reveals something too, it reveals the fact that you have no character—in the sense in which we use the word here. In that sense, character means will-power dominating circumstances instead of being dominated by them; and for will-power to dominate anything, it must make use of resolves.) But granted that you have enough character to make a resolve now and then, its degree of power can be measured by the manner in which you phrase it to yourself. There are three grades of resolve, and three corresponding grades of character.

Grade C. "I'll try."

Grade C characters invariably begin their resolutions with the formula "I'll try." If urged to give up an evil companion as friend, they answer glibly, "I'll try." If warned that unless they check a sinful habit they will soon be irredeemable slaves, they answer quickly, "In that case, I'll try." The result usually is that they'll be back with the same old companion again or back at the same old bad habit again within a week—and the sole effect of the resolve will be a not too forceful reminder on the part of conscience that "You shouldn't be doing this."

Grade B. "I will if —"

Grade B characters always bargain in their resolutions. They will stop smoking if they don't get too nervous; they will stop drinking if business reasons do not make it advisable; they will stop sinning if they are not tempted too strongly. Somehow or other there isn't one case in a hundred in which the "ifs" do not get in the way of the "wills" and a man doesn't become a more passive victim of circumstances than he was before.

Grade A. "I will."

Grade A characters go all the way in making a resolve. They make no allowance for their own sensuality and will take no back-talk from circumstances. They know that if a thing is necessary for a good life or for the salvation of the soul, they shall receive grace sufficient to accomplish it if they do their part by exercising the full power of their wills. When such characters say "I will," they have already faced all the objections and "ifs" and circumstances and heart-aches involved, and have overcome them.

Anyone can have a Grade A character if he wants it. It only means that in important matters they will permit no insidious little "ifs" to creep into their resolutions, and no "half-willing tries" to take the place of decision. Will it!

AND SO WITH THOUSANDS—

If you do not care about bitter truth ruthlessly presented, you will not care about this story. But if you too have gnashed your teeth over the follies of modern life—you will like it.

E. F. MILLER

THE LIFE of Millicent Sweet can be divided like Gaul into three parts: her youth up to the time of her marriage; her marriage; the aftermath.

But first of all, a word in general about the Sweets. There were four too many of them—three daughters and the mother. Though nothing by conviction, they were Catholics by birth; but above all they were leaders in society, not through anything worth-while that they themselves had done, but through forebears that had robbed and cheated in the approved and ruthless fashion of early times, and by a certain weakness of mind that made them more than anybody else in the city enclose everything good in the world within the confines of their own little parasitic circle. For this were they considered leaders of the smart set, of society. Being therefore, in their own estimation, people of parts, they had but one purpose in occupying good and arable space upon the earth—to know whom to cultivate and whom to cut, and that at the least possible expense. The fact of the matter was, the Sweets possessed little more than an affected accent, the scorn of all decent men, and a swanky apartment in the suburbs, the rent for which was never quite paid up.

Mrs. Sweet's husband was a non-Catholic and a good enough man for anybody; but human nature has its limits of endurance as has everything else. Eventually he became so stifled and short-winded in the rarefied atmosphere of his wife and his three daughters, their dogs and their friends, that he fled away, and so far that no trace of him has ever been found.

NOW for Millicent and the first period of her life. She was not so sweet as her name would indicate. I refer to her disposition. Though her face was nice in a sullen, sultry sort of fashion, and her "little ways" cute enough if one could forget that she had al-

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ready passed her twenty-first birthday, still she possessed an egotism and a superiority complex that would nauseate an African Ant Eater. Her sweetness went no further than her name. But perhaps there was a reason for it. Up to the time of her marriage the chief characteristics of her life were these:

1. She took all her schooling in the public schools, grade and secondary, and learned amongst other things that she had descended from a monkey, that the earth is round, and that the Middle Ages were times of such abysmal ignorance that in a thousand years not a single short story or novel had fallen from the press. (Public schools are so broadening and American, don't you know.)
2. She had never read an item, much less an article, in a Catholic paper or magazine. In fact she didn't know that such things existed. (Her mother did not subscribe to any Catholic magazine or papers. There were so many expenses attached to her girls' "coming out" etc.)
3. She read faithfully "Look," "Click," and the novels of Sinclair Lewis and Pearl Buck. (Her mother subscribed to "Click.")
4. She received the Sacraments of Confession and Communion faithfully twice a year—at Christmas and Easter—not in her own church, of course, for the priest was not nice there, but in the anonymity of the Cathedral where the priests were not forever demanding money. (Her mother would not let her miss the regular reception of the sacraments for anything.)
5. She became a member of the Junior League in good time, and knitted sweaters for the Loyalist soldiers in Spain. (Her mother hired a girl to show her how to do this difficult work. Her mother also sent to the society editor of the daily paper a picture of Millicent with yarn and knitting needles in hand.)
6. She spent much time on her face and figure, trying like Aristotle's artist, to improve on nature. (What resulted was fair, but by no means a masterpiece.)
7. She met a boy by the name of Roger, and promptly fell in

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love with him. Roger was a non-Catholic, a breezy sort of cad who believed in giving the other fellow a hand when circumstances demanded it, but in always giving himself the first hand, circumstances or not. He had attended the University and there learned all the answers, especially the one that disposed of religion with a smile and a gentle wave of the hand. His pride stuck out of him like the bristles on a porcupine, and his vanity like a boil on the neck. His breeziness had an odor to it that stunk to the high heavens, but it escaped the nostrils of Mrs. Sweet and Mrs. Sweet's daughter Millicent. ("He's such a catch, my dear, and so cultured and handsome.")

AND so, after the necessary instructions, demanded by the Church, were given, to which Roger turned a tolerant and tired ear and even raised an innocuous objection now and then, they were married in the apartment at high noon before the Louis Quinze fireplace, which had been banked appropriately with flowers, and on whose mantelpiece stood a statue of Apollo Belvidere and a bust of Susan B. Anthony. The bride, according to the paper, wore a frock of sulphur-yellow tulle, that had a tight-fitting bodice with short, puffed sleeves and a V neckline. The gown had been worn by her grandmother and her mother before her, and added tradition as well as beauty to the occasion. The priest, as is the custom, was attired in clerical black and roman collar, the sombreness of his garments unrelieved by surplice or stole or vestment of any kind. There were twelve attendants and two flower girls all done to a turn by the baking machines of the beauticians, and all, during the few moments that preceded the service, radiating that false and feverish hilarity that for some reason or other goes under the name of charm but which in reality is only sophistication and noise and a means of covering over certain lacunae and vacancies that have dug deep into their lives; and all, during the service, holding a serious and silent poise with eyes demurely cast down as though the rite meant something more to them than a mere episode or accident or formula that could be forgotten tomorrow as not having happened today.

The service did not take very long, shorn as it was of all ritual and

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solemnity and blessing. It might have been a funeral or the inauguration of a flower show just as easily as a wedding. A moment, a murmured "I do" and it was over.

No sooner was it over than everybody began to kiss everybody else from Mother Sweet down to the flower girls and back again, the only one escaping being the priest; and he just escaped by slipping through a side door that he had espied and made use of while the attack was at its height. It was a free for all. Laughter, congratulations, back-slapping, jokes of a rather dubious meaning swung back and forth so furiously (with the aid of various libations, of course) that even the angels with all the heavens at their feet might have wept with envy at the fun that they were missing on the earth.

But all good things come to an end sooner or later, and so did the wedding feast of Millicent and Roger. Only fifteen minutes remained for them to catch their train. Somewhat totteringly cutting a swathe through the debacle of the apartment, the drunks and the drinks, they entered their taxi amidst a storm of rice, and were off on their honeymoon. The papers on the following day said that the wedding was almost religious in tone, and that the dinner and reception held afterwards were quiet and dignified and in perfect keeping with the position that the Sweets occupied in society. Or words to that effect. At any rate they were words well-chosen, and described the events of the day with understanding and even with some beauty. The common herd, reading the account, like the angels, envied the Sweets their good fortune and their happiness.

THE third period of Millicent's life is what we termed the aftermath. But "aftermath" is a word without color or power, in this case almost without meaning. A better word would be catastrophe, or cataclysm.

The honeymoon was spent amongst the stars, or at least in the glow of a romantic moon that wielded its power without stay or stint. Then all of a sudden and unexpectedly the moon went out, and in the darkness that ensued, sentiment cooled, and the poetry of first love and looking into each other's eyes and walking hand in hand though all the world looked on, turned sour like ill-kept wine. By the time the newly-weds arrived home and settled down, theretofore unknown faults were

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fully known and lodged away for future reference, and misunderstandings were fast growing into grudges that would not heal. There were incipient recrimination and counter recriminations, accusations and condemnations. There was a coolness that put a check on confidences. The chief causes for the trouble could be summed up as follows:

1. Roger refused to give Millicent sufficient money for the adornment of her person and for the management of the house. At least that's what Millicent said.
2. Roger did not want any children for the time being; neither did Millicent for all that, but Millicent, unlike Roger, had a deathly fear of tampering with the fundamental laws of nature. Somewhere in her pagan training she had learned at least that. She felt that any such tampering would bring down a curse upon her like a flash of lightning. Thus, disagreement.
3. Mrs. Sweet and the other Sweets could not keep their fingers out of the pie.
4. Millicent did not like Roger's way —
 - a. Of eating soup.
 - b. Of wearing his hat.
 - c. Of disappearing suddenly and not returning till one o'clock in the morning without explanation as to where he had been.
5. Roger did not like Millicent's way —
 - a. Of arranging the furniture in the front room.
 - b. Of doing her hair.
 - c. Of making her mother a third part of the married firm, and consulting her in the most trivial details of running a home when old lady Sweet couldn't even run a tri-cycle, much less a home.
6. Religion and the meagre demands that Millicent's watery idea of religion made on her suddenly became a battle ground. Finally Millicent all but gave it up; but it remained a barrier between them.

Cumulative in effect, these difficulties and differences grew so large that they crowded out of the apartment all affection, all understanding, all love. With passion dead, there was no foundation on which their

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marriage could stand. According to reason the only thing to do was to part. And so, one year and one day from the day of their wedding, Millicent and Roger went their separate ways, Millicent to her mother and despair, Roger to continue a liaison with a girl whom he had met three months before and who understood him so much better than did his wife.

Millicent is now contemplating suicide. She had little in the first two stages of her life to prepare her for the future and for happiness; but in the third stage of her life, she had nothing — except oblivion. Roger, at least so the report has it, has married the girl who understood him so well.

FROM this parable, boys and girls, learn a lesson. Please don't say that your case is different. It is not. The Catholic religion is not like a hat that you put on and take off whenever you so desire. It means more than being baptized in a church and married by a priest. It is something that has to get into your heart and soul and body from your youth and vitalize and influence your every action, or it is nothing, and will mean nothing when the crisis comes. Millicent was well informed on the ways of "Esquire" and "College Humor" and the world that they preached but was entirely ignorant on the ways of Catholic periodicals and the truths that they proposed; she went to Communion now and then but more as she would go to an initiation service conducted by the Eastern Star than to the banquet table of the Lord; she had no more knowledge of Catholic Action than she had of Metempsychosis or Cosmology. She was formed from her earliest youth in a mold that stands up well while the sun is shining, but which collapses abruptly when the clouds begin to gather. The Catholic religion can make an unfortunate marriage successful — at least it can make fruitful the broken life of one who has become a part of an unfortunate marriage. The lack of the real Catholic religion can make even a fortunate marriage a failure.

From this parable, boys and girls, learn a lesson!

Ignorance is no excuse when we have neglected to learn what we are obliged to know. — *St. Ambrose.*

* Honey is sweet but don't lick it off a briar. — *Irish proverb.* *

ADVENTURE IN A LIBRARY

Where are the best-sellers of yesteryear? When you hear the world feverishly extolling a new novel, consider the fate of the sensations of a few years back, and you will be calm.

L. HAGEMANN

BACON'S *Essays* were a part of the required reading in the freshman English course. It was then that I read for the first time that "reading maketh a full man." Of all the counsels given to the college freshman by the sage, that one was remembered best of all. When recently a recurrent fear that I was failing to become a full man again made its presence felt, I made a more fervent resolution to read more seriously and deeply. As a starting point this time I pulled down the *Essays* once more and thumbed the index to find the title "Of Reading." It was not there. After several attempts to find the "full man" passage by cursory glances I went back to the index and read all the titles carefully. "Of Studies" promised most and the full man was there.

"To spend too much time in studies is sloth." This counsel, presumably given to encourage independent research and thinking, salved a burning conscience somewhat. I read on to see whether Bacon presented any plan one might follow in becoming less empty, some hint of what he considered a five foot book-shelf, perhaps with fifteen-minutes-a-day rations of intellectual vitamins. "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, some few to be chewed and digested." Excellent — but which some? "Histories make men wise; poets witty; mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend." Deeper and deeper becomes the task, for who would not be wise, witty, subtle, deep, grave, and able to contend? If my wit wander, I must study mathematics; if I cannot distinguish or find differences, the Summa or the Sentences; if I cannot prove one thing by another, lawyers' briefs. So said Francis Bacon.

Becoming less empty required a little more consideration than pulling a book from the shelf, an easy chair by the fire-side, a rack of pipes, and a slippers foot with which to rub the cat at each turn of the page.

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I decided to enlist the aid of the publishers of histories, poetry, arithmetic, philosophy and rhetoric, for the pressure of life would leave me time for nothing but the best with which to fill the void of which I was by now acutely conscious.

AT THE reference room of the Public Library I calmly asked for the back numbers of a journal of book reviews, as far back as the files had. Unfortunately all were in the stacks and unbound so I hastily amended my request to cover the copies of the first year that the library had. The attendant took some time to bring them and when they came I realized why. Covered with the dust and grime of a soft coal city, they might have been undisturbed since their acquisition. Twenty-six copies of the 1922 issue were held together by cardboard covers and a bit of twine. Gingerly I untied the first pack and lifted the cover. The sensation was that of looking into a long closed tomb. The faded sheets were crumbling, their brittle edges breaking off at every touch. Reverently I placed the first copy before me and turned the yellowed pages. Here was meat and drink — I would be an empty man no longer.

As the pages of number after number opened before me, what I was seeking leaped up at me from the advertisements, and as I turned it struck me that the advertisements were a good deal like the barkers on the Midway at a World's Fair. Each had its way of selling books. Some cunningly inviting with honeyed phrases, others were loud and blatant with a ringing challenge that browbeat one into taking a look. Some quiet and aristocratic with an "if you do not buy me you are not cultured" attitude. All of them seemingly desperate in their anxiety to pull you in and telling me in particular that I simply had to read them or else be an empty man forever.

As you will soon see, the publishers did not make my task easier. I jotted down titles and publishers' reasons why I should read their products. Most of the sixteen year old titles meant nothing to me. That the majority of the quotations about to be made refer to novels is a commentary on the need for less of them and more of history, logic, arithmetic, etc. In fact I thought I heard the ghost of Bacon snort and groan as he read the advertisements over my shoulder and perhaps he had reason, for this is what he read:

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"One of the most amusing light novels ever written."

"The greatest dog story since 'The Call of the Wild.'"

"Not only her best but one of the greatest novels of the year."

"The best novel published in America in 1921."

"The most magnificent piece of fiction before the world today."

"The most illuminating challenge to fresh thinking all along the line."

"One of the greatest imaginative stories ever told."

"In most ways the greatest English writer of the last 25 years."

"Sheer imprisoned beauty. The most charming, most amusing, the loveliest love story that anyone has ever read."

Yes, yes, and also the most complete, most senseless, most exasperating orgy of superlatives that I ever encountered. The above type of advertisement I concluded to be the standard rush method, employed to meet the printer's deadline. As an example of a direct reverse in method there were these:

"A document," — simply that and nothing more. This had its variations such as: "a human document," "a telling document," "a significant document." The adjective significant was chanted often, once with a superlative overtone. "A significant novel in the best sense of that word."

Sometimes an unusual departure appeared: "One of the finest pieces of imaginative engineering in many, many moons." (Machine age literature that creaks appearing as early as 1922. But then Mr. Wells was writing even before that date.)

These brave statements were also used to start books into the best seller class and possibly a prize:

"a skillfull and courageous effort." Such modesty was rare.

"among the first of the honest studies of women in American fiction"

"a perfectly finished bit of fiction"

"the clear unmistakable light of genius"

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"without question the sensation of this season"

"epoch making book"

"A book of which America should be quietly but surely proud" — all together now — beam.

"Its theme is little short of sensational."

"Immortal letters — I am using the words with sober deliberation." (Not so heroic at that, because the words were written during the prohibition era.)

"Being printed night and day on six presses"

In 1922 this appeared:

"The book all will have to read because everyone will be talking about it."

This is the 1938 version:

"Tell your friends about it before they tell you."

ONE trick was used that made me very sad. It was used to sell an old friend, Robert Louis Stevenson. A picture with a South Sea Island setting and a suggestive title caught the eye. Below was a coupon which enabled one to buy a set of Stevenson at a very low price. The whole advertisement gave the idea that one could pick up some choice pornography very cheaply.

Another quack advertisement challenged the nation with a ringing question:

"Are we a nation of low-brows?"

Twenty five books for \$1.95.

No statistics are available to judge the effect of a sixteen year crusade for national face lifting but the price now is five cents a book. The eye-brow level is to be raised by such choice bits of literature as the love letters of history's notables, the art of making love, and recipes for tasty dishes. Bacon might approve at that, for the topics of the books do run the gamut even to the "Theory of Relativity — Simply Explained," to meet the brows on the lower levels.

Two samples of another type of advertising must not be overlooked, for who could resist buying a book that:

"throbs with power — thrills with a weird, savage, intensity — a madness that grips and twists and carries a reader along at a thundering pace."

A LAW IS MADE

The headlines call it another step in "the regimentation of business." But, then, headline writers have never been much on history and philosophy. Here you get a bit of both covering the minimum wage law.

E. E. WITTE

FOR almost four months — from May twenty-fifth to September seventeenth — did fifty-five men toil, wrangle and compromise over seven little articles that were to form the constitution of our nation. What the fight was about no one knew until a long while after. Not until Madison's copious notes were coaxed from their hiding place, where a wary and cautious convention had temporarily consigned them, did the world at large know what constitutional tid-bits had proved palatable and what distasteful to the delegates of that great assembly. Only then did the world know what questions had caused the deepest rift among the men there present.

Now, as we look back and consider the circumstances of the times it is no great surprise that our Founding Fathers gave prime regard to the questions of Slavery, the Electoral College, the election of Senators by State Legislatures even though all their work on these questions has become obsolete today.

Fate decreed however, that seven little words should escape controversy. Seven words which, although a power of Congress, were not envisioned to influence more than a few people and the rambling stretches of road that then formed our only mode of travel. But today, whereas many of the early and "important" questions have gone into oblivion, the commerce clause has come forth as one of the most relevant and all-embracing laws of our country.

"Congress shall have the power to regulate commerce among the several states." A simple statement, but how far reaching! With gradual growth in power and scope this little clause now governs navigation, railroads, stock quotations by telegraph, the qualifications of pilots of boats, correspondence schools, prize fight films, lottery tickets, broadcasting, transmission of electric power, sending of oil through pipes. The little clause that gained in its infancy no great notice from the few peers of a founding nation has, in its old age, won for itself

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the acclaim of millions of workers. For on October twenty-fourth, 1938, the Fair Labor Standards Act, (offspring of the interstate commerce clause) made it illegal to pay some 11,000,000 workers less than twenty-five cents an hour or to make them work more than forty-four hours a week, unless paid one and one half the regular rate for overtime.

THIS national law establishing minimum wages and maximum hours was a long time in coming. It had its ups and downs. As a bill it began its struggling career in the Senate on July thirty-first, 1937, when it was passed. As a piece of senatorial fancy-work however, it did not long survive the more rugged hands of the House members. For after an unfriendly glance at the bill, the Labor Committee of the House struck from the Senate document everything save the enabling clause and proceeded to write an entirely new statute of its own. Would the Senate accept this new version? After a month of hesitation the Senate said yes. Such, in brief, is the story of the Fair Labor Standards Act as we have it today.

Like the preface of a book, the new law modestly puts forth the reasons for its existence. Five reasons are given. We shall give but one. The Act says: "Congress finds that the existence . . . of labor conditions detrimental to the maintenance of the minimum standard of living necessary for health, efficiency and general well-being of workers constitutes an unfair method of competition in commerce."

It appears that behind this new law there is a single maxim, namely, that the welfare and profits of no private business shall interfere with the nation as a whole. Minimum wages and maximum hours are expressions of this maxim. They aim at eliminating from our business world those who seek business success at the expense of the health and decent living of other human beings. In other words, the law wishes to do away with unfair competition. The Catholic Church has definite ideas on free competition. It has declared very clearly that business affairs cannot be left to free competition alone, but on the contrary, should be controlled by social justice and charity. Men, therefore, who neglect these lofty principles of justice and charity and look upon man as merely a money making animal are called Individualists. The belief held by these Individualists is that personal profit is the first and last purpose in producing goods. Their shibboleth is: Survival of the fittest — Freedom from all restraint, governmental or

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otherwise! This ruthless competition is no new thing. Like all other movements it began with an idea. The idea was that man, being what he is — naturally selfish and acquisitive — would work harder and more intelligently if others opposed him. If man were just left alone to work out his workaday life, competing freely, devastatingly, with his fellow men, there would result more linen, more hats, more shoes — more of everything. The unfit might drop exhausted at his loom or last, but the strong would survive and carry on — on to a fuller and more complete life.

BUT during the last one hundred and fifty years the woeful failure of this practice of unfair competition has told us plainly that it must be wrong. Nothing that drags a human being down to the level of a brute can long endure. Inventions came and then the factory; and with the factory the child apprentice from the work-houses. Over these poor children and their helpless parents the mighty lords of progress accumulated their wealth.

To curb the unjust gains of solely profit-minded lords has always been the aim of upright men and just law. The notable step taken in our country to check increasing greed was the National Recovery Act. It is true the N.R.A. resembled the present wage law in purpose. However it differed wholly from it in method, the main difference being that the N.R.A. standards were established and applied, with Federal supervision, by industry Code Authorities, whereas the bases for Wage and Hour standards are written into the statute.

The rise of the N.R.A. itself was probably due to the unequal opportunities in business seen everywhere around us. Too long had a lethargic people relied on unfair methods of competition to give them the necessities of life. Too long were they misled in the belief that men became richer and victorious in the race for business supremacy simply because they were the most capable and efficient producers. We know now only too well that it is not necessarily those who produce most efficiently or who render the greatest service to society that secure the lead in the race for business profits. All too frequently the profits go to those who can take the greatest advantage of their fellow men. By cutting wages, compelling labor to work inhumanly long hours, employing children, many a producer has not only weathered business crises but has actually profited from them.

In short, free competition as the sole rule of business has failed. Many an employer with high moral sensibilities has felt constrained to yield to rules of business conduct he despises; has been forced to live a kind of Jekyll and Hyde existence. Despite personal indignation at the employment of children, long hours of labor and low wages, he too has reluctantly pursued such practices because of the pressure of competition from employers who lack a sense of social responsibility.

THE outstanding feature of the present wage-hour law is that it sets the rule of the industrial game. Employers with a social conscience are assured they will no longer be compelled to conform to the standards of rivals with blunted social sensibilities. To be sure, the new law is a feeble step. It does not attempt to establish a living wage—only a minimum wage. But it does at least create a situation in which the ideals of the better rather than those of the worst employers shall prevail.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics proves conclusively that the good employer has difficulty in meeting the ruthless competition of men who refuse to adhere to the standards used by the better employer. Under the N.R.A. an attempt was made to put competitors on the same basis regarding wages and hours, and although there were exceptions, there was a certain uniformity of maximum hours, namely forty. Also, despite differences here and there there was a tendency for minimum wage rates. In May, 1935, the codes which were the basis for bringing about this equality were nullified and what happened? The man who cut the wages and raised the hours wooed the profits away from the man who continued trying to maintain better standards.

It is a rather sad commentary on American wage rates to say that no matter how low a minimum may be established it will still benefit great numbers of workers. Out of the 11,000,000 persons covered by the new law, 750,000 received less than twenty-five cents an hour when the law went into effect. 1,500,000 worked more than forty-four hours a week. Greater benefits will accrue to people as time goes on, for in future years the standards will grow stricter. Thus, beginning October twenty-fourth, 1939, thirty cents and forty-two hours; October 1940, thirty cents and forty hours; October, 1945, forty cents and forty hours.

For all its labors the backers of the new law have received scant respect. In the opinion of many observers Congress has brought forth

a mouse of a law eleven pages long. Would our miniature first Congress have acted differently?

The Sacred Trust

The consciousness of giving birth to an immortal soul fills the mind of every devout mother with awe and wonder when she brings forth her first-born into the world. . . . Even before its birth she will have prepared herself for her new duties and will undertake them as a sacred charge—a holy trust.

A new being rich with all the yet unexhausted possibilities of human nature: what a trust it is! Not only a new body to be fed and nurtured, but a new soul that is no sooner born than it too is hungering for its proper food. It will starve and dwindle if it be not fed, and even when it is fed, it will take shape and grow in a way that very much depends on the sort of food it gets.

"It too must have its light and air and sunshine. Very fair no doubt were the flowers of Paradise given into the keeping of the first human pair; but how, in fairness or in beauty, could they compare with this tiny baby-flower—the latest planted in God's garden of the world, and given to be nurtured and perfected by a father and mother! Verily in this garden God's angels shall walk betimes, and God Himself come often to see how his gardeners are doing their work.

Humane Bombardment

Some newspapers failed to notice the tremendous bombardment of Madrid which took place just recently. It was on the Feast of St. Francis, patronal feast of Francisco Franco, and the bombardment had been carefully planned for some time. When the planes rose from the Nationalist landing fields, however, it was not bombs they carried, but bread! All day the bombing went on; no less than 178,000 loaves of bread were dropped into the streets of Madrid, where the starving populace scrambled madly for the "bombs."

The Red leaders tried to prevent such an unseemly exhibition by announcing that the bread was poisoned, but unfortunately, much of the bread had been eaten up on sight, and as no one apparently suffering any evil effects therefrom, the people refused to believe it. Thereupon it was given out that it was the "poison of Fascism" to which the Red leaders had referred. We are not informed, but doubtless the bread continued to be eaten despite this subtle added ingredient.

MISAPPROPRIATION

J. L. Flanagan

Not long ago, I was talking to a member of a certain Union in one of our large cities. She told me the members had to pay 50 cents a week in dues; the ostensible purpose being that they were to get some advantage from it. Asked what becomes of all the money, she answered:

"Well, they sent \$50,000 of it to the Loyalists in Spain."

"Did the workers have anything to say about that use of the money?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders: "What could we do about it?"

"Are you in favor of the Loyalists?" was the next question.

"No!" came the answer.

Yet her money, that was to get advantages for her, supported a cause she opposed! Many another garment worker felt the same as she. Nevertheless their money, without their being asked, without their having a chance to voice an opinion, went to further something they disapproved. Justice to the worker? Where was it in this case?

Davey Crockett, who died in the defense of the Alamo, and who was, I think, a fair sort of American, would have scored that sort of justice.

One day a bill was introduced into Congress to appropriate money for the destitute widow of a distinguished naval officer. It seemed the bill would pass unanimously when Crockett arose:

"Mr. Speaker—I have as much respect for the memory of the deceased, and as much sympathy for the sufferings of the living, . . . as any man in this House but we must not permit our respect for the dead or our sympathy for the living to lead us into an act of *injustice* to the balance of the living. . . . We have the right, as individuals, to give away as much of our own money as we please; but . . . we have no right to appropriate a dollar of the public money . . . We cannot without the *grossest corruption* appropriate this money. Mr. Speaker, I have said we have the right to give as much money of our own as we please. I am the poorest man on this floor. I cannot vote for this bill, but I will give one week's pay to the object, and if every member of Congress will do the same, it will amount to more than the bill asks."

It is not recorded that those who had been so eager to give away the money of others, rushed forward to second Crockett's proposals.

I READ IN THE NEWSPAPERS

This might be called the great exposé of American gullibility. After you have read it, you will wonder why no worse things have happened to America, where anything but the truth can be put across so easily and effectually.

J. HIGGINS

JOHN DAY is home from the wars. John Day is the true name of a real person (unless I am being taken in again by the *Kansas City Star*) and he is back home at Webb City, Missouri, after serving seventeen months with the Loyalists. John, it seems, has a devotion, amounting to a passion for liberty. Give John Liberty or —. But hear John as he speaks for himself, and as he is reported by that influential moulder of Middle West opinion, the *Kansas City Star*, as of the 10th of September.

“I guess the real reason (why he fought with the Loyalists) goes back to some of the ABCs of government they taught me in the Joplin public schools. About the right of a people to vote, to form a Republic, to free speech, free assembly, free unions and a free press. I read in the newspapers about soldiers from four other lands — Italy, Germany, Morocco, and Portugal — joining up with Franco to suppress the Spanish Republic.”

Thus far the words of John's gospel for the moment. What can we offer in the way of commentary on this inspiring text?

First of all, these sentiments do the man from the Ozarks great credit. Secondly, there is no evidence, as I read the whole story, to suspect Mr. Day of any insincerity. Rather, what I gather from the account is the fact that Senor De Los Rios has not spent his millions and abused his franking privilege to no purpose. What he has “read in the newspapers” has caused at least one American to shove off from these shores under the impression that he was going to the rescue of a genuine democracy. And because I believe Mr. Day to be honest and sincere I take the liberty of calling his attention to certain facts he did not see in the newspapers he reads, and which are, therefore, quite possibly, unknown to him.

Mr. Day is all in favor of allowing people to vote, a sentiment which I heartily echo. But I favor General Franco and oppose the Madrid-

Valencia Regime. What causes this sad rift between my friend Mr. Day and myself, who both so urgently desire to see the populace express themselves at the polls? Obviously, one of us is pulling for the wrong pony. The explanation is, I believe, that while Mr. Day believes in "the right of a people to vote" I take a somewhat more extreme view of this right. I go further and insist that the people have a right to have their votes counted. I claim that the candidates elected by the majority of the people have a right to the positions and offices to which they were elected. I cannot censure them for having recourse to arms, when all other means have failed, to secure them this right. Now, coming down from these theories of Political Science to the facts of the Spanish situation, I call Mr. Day's attention to the fact that the Popular Front, to whose support he hastened, was never the choice of the majority of the Spanish voters. In the General Elections of February, 1936, the results were as follows:

Popular Front (Parties of the Left).....	4,356,000
Parties of the Right.....	4,570,000
Center	340,000

These are the official figures given out by the Spanish Government itself. With the aid of a little arithmetic Mr. Day can see that the Popular Front needed all the foreign help he rushed to give it, for there were over half a million more Spaniards against it than for it.

IT MAY be retorted that the Popular Front had a majority in the Cortes, the Congress or National Assembly of Spain.

It did, but only by refusing to abide honestly by the elections, an action to my mind, more than slightly undemocratic. Let Niceto Alcala Zamora, the man who brought the Popular Front into being, describe for Mr. Day the way the Popular Front got its majority.

"As early as February 17th and even from the late afternoon of the 16th the Popular Front, without waiting the final scrutiny or the proclamation of the results of the voting, which were to be given out on February 20th by the Provincial Commissions appointed for the purpose, launched its attack by starting disorders in the streets and using violence in demand of power. A Government crisis ensued, and the Civil Governors of several provinces resigned. At the urge of irresponsible agitators the mob seized the balloting papers with the result that false returns were sent in from many places." (Journal de Geneve, Jan. 13, 1937.)

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A committee was then set up to verify the elections. Here was the way it went about its task. I give again the testimony of the same eminent Republican and Radical, ex-President Zamora.

"In certain provinces where the opposition had been victorious all the mandates were annulled, and candidates who were friendly to the Popular Front, although they had been beaten, were proclaimed deputies. . . . The end was two-fold—to convert the chamber into a packed Parliament by crushing all opposition, and to ensure the obedience of the more moderate group of the Popular Front."

That was the democratic government Mr. Day risked his life to preserve. Is it the same idea of democratic government he was taught to love in Joplin's public schools?

It will be remembered that Mr. Day believes in "free speech, free unions, free assembly, free press." But the government to which he gave his allegiance did not believe in these things. During five months of the Popular Front rule, from February 16 to June 16, 1,289 people had been injured, 269 killed in disturbances provoked by radicals, 160 churches had been totally destroyed and 251 partially destroyed. Ten newspaper offices of the opposition had been destroyed, and 61 premises of political and other associations. The men of the Right in the Cortes were howled down, threats were made against their lives, pistols were waved before them in the chamber itself and in the lobbies. Calvo Sotelo, the leader of the Right, was threatened, in screaming tones, "You have made your last speech." It was a prophecy. Five nights later a squad of Shock Police, in uniform, left their barracks with the consent of their chiefs, called on Sotelo, took him out and shot him in cold blood. They left the corpse at the gate of a cemetery. Is there anything farther from the democratic processes Mr. Day reveres? As the ex-Minister Ventosa of the Catalan Iliga said: "Spain was living in a state of anarchy without precedent in history." A government that allows these outrages to go on is dedicated not to the liberty and freedom Mr. Day cherishes but is conniving at anarchy and license. It is even to be questioned whether it is any longer a government at all.

MR. DAY has pictured for us a Spanish Republic overrun with hordes of foreigners, Germans, Italians, Moors, all intent on wiping out democracy. A distressing sight. But Mr. Day is seeing things. Or rather he is not seeing—and telling—all. There were

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other foreigners in Spain besides the above mentioned, as Mr. Day must admit in the course of his interesting narrative. And if I were to ask him which foreign influence intervened first in Spain, he would have to answer Russian Communism. Either that, or retire before these facts. In the General Elections of 1933 The Right and the Center returned a majority. Before the year was out the Reds were in open rebellion. In October of 1934 "The First Soviet Republic of Spain" was set up in the Asturias under that name. Currency circulated by the rebels bore the hammer and sickle. Two years, therefore, before a Nazi or Fascist plane darkened the Spanish horizon Moscow agents, following the usual Communist technique, were inciting the working class to revolt against the elected Government. Mr. Day is not on record as being anxious at that time to suppress this outrage offered to the Spanish people and parliament by Russia.

But to continue with John's text.

"They (Franco and his allies) were bombing Madrid and blowing school children, mothers and old men to pieces in Guernica. I figured right then it was my fight and the fight of all democratic people. There they were, being set upon by military murderers, while embargoes and treaties made a diplomatic game that amounted to a desertion by the other democracies, including our own. It was an attack on liberty."

Again we pay homage to this man's fighting, generous spirit. I suspect that his name one time had an O in front of it. His is the simple-hearted, undiscriminating idealism that delights the munition makers and makes the Left Wing propagandist's task a pleasant sinecure.

Mr. Day read in the papers that Franco was bombing Madrid. What he did not read is the fact that Franco set off a quarter of the city where non-combatants could go and promised not to touch that section. He kept that promise and the Marxists co-operated with this humane project by storing in this zone reserved for civilians their munitions. The means of carrying on this war were more important to the Russians in command than the Spanish people. I also call to his notice the fact that Franco has been bombing Madrid with bombs of bread recently.

Of course General Franco bombed Madrid. It would be interesting to know what tactics Mr. Day would employ were he in Franco's place. Madrid is a strongly fortified city, manned by Communists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, Socialists, and the International Brigade, to which Mr. Day belonged, in defiance of the Non-Intervention Pact.

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It is a tactical error for an apologist of the Madrid-Valencia regime to mention the word murder. The authenticated Red atrocities represent a record of appalling brutality that dismayed even the Russian ambassador. According to the estimate of Mr. Arthur Bryant, the English historian, formed after weighing the evidence from correspondents in Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, and elsewhere and after the examination of documents, the number murdered in Red Spain by the Government or with its connivance is at least 350,000.

It is true, and it is a pity, but it is not Franco's fault that women, children and old men are killed by bombs. It is not Franco's fault because he is always ready to respect districts set aside for the civilian population. That civilians are killed in air attacks is more justly laid to the Reds' account, when especially in Barcelona, they place munition dumps in crowded civilian sections, exposing the non-combatants to the resultant explosions when the Nationalist bombs hit the powder stores, a perfectly legitimate military objective.

MR. DAY is partly correct when he says that Loyalist Spain was deserted by the democracies. Their help came mostly from Russia, which is a democracy only in Red propaganda. But informed people know that the French border was never really closed. French soldiers and officers serve with the Loyalists and about 600 tons of war supplies passed over the border daily. The Mexican Government which is a republic in name, never hesitated to send supplies — second-hand, out of date and useless supplies, I understand, but the Loyalists have no grounds for complaint; the gold with which they paid for them was stolen, anyway.

This part of John's story is worth worrying over. It shows that in Mr. Day's mind the United States should go to the aid of those governments which are in Mr. Day's newspapers described as democracies. Passing over the fact that Mr. Day is easily deceived as to which governments are really democracies, there is the disturbing fact that in the ABCs of government he learnt at Joplin there was no mention of Washington's Farewell Address which warns us against entangling foreign alliances.

It would be interesting, but impossible to go through the whole of Mr. Day's well-written narrative and analyze it for what it is — an

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excellent human interest story packed with Leftist propaganda. But I must have one more slice. Says Mr. Day:

"The strangest, almost unbelievable thing, is that Fascist propaganda should have convinced some Americans who have not been over there and don't know the facts, that Republican Spain is a Red totalitarian outbreak. It is nothing of the sort."

This is probably the gem of the collection.

Mr. Day says that the Madrid-Valencia regime is not red, nothing of the sort, in fact. He is evidently ignorant of the make-up of the Popular Front, the coalition of Left Wing parties. It is composed, for Mr. Day's enlightenment, of Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, while the more moderate and more or less genuine Republicans were cowed into submission by terrorism. To quote ex-President Zamora (who was, like Mr. Day, over there himself, but unlike Mr. Day, was in the midst of the Popular Front movement and capable of intelligent observation of what was passing under his nose): "As soon as the support of that group (the more moderate republicans) was no longer required, it became a mere puppet in the hands of the extremists."

When the Popular Front was formed by Socialists and Communists at Madrid, Sept. 17, 1934, the London Times reporter — who was there — wrote that they declared only a Marxist regime would satisfy them.

Major G. McNeil-Moss, author of the *Siege of the Alcazar*, has given good reason for describing those who support the Valencia Government as Reds. They fight in red shirts and wear red badges; the scrawl "Up the Reds" behind the loopholes which they defend and daub the hammer and sickle on the buildings which they occupy. They go into battle shouting "Long live Russia."

IF Mr. Day is inclined to judge the strength and influence of Communism by the number of Communists holding Government posts, his measuring rod is defective. The approved Communist technique is to have a small number of open card bearing members who work through channels and organizations not openly communistic. The recruit from the Ozarks is then less likely to have his suspicions of Red domination aroused. The present Communist policy is the Trojan horse strategy; enter concealed, then dominate. But as Dimitrov says: "Only the Communist party is at bottom the initiator, the organizer, and the driving force of the United Front."

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If the Madrid-Valencia government is not Red, how account for this New Year's greeting, sent by the Premier Largo Caballero to Soviet Russia: "The proletariats of Iberia will try to follow the example of your great country"?

Or explain for us this other saying of his, from the stage of the Teatro Europa: "The victory of the 16th of February (the stolen elections) was motivated by the revolution of October, (the Communist rising in the Asturias). Let no one come to tell us that an absolutely legal victory was won because that is not true."

After the Popular Front had seized power, illegally as Caballero admits, what is known as Revolutionary Alliances were set up. These alliances were free entirely of any "bourgeois residue" and only proletarian parties were admitted. Their purpose was the final destruction of democracy, as Mr. Day and I understand democracy. The Assembly of the Confederacion General de Trabajo (a semi-political labor group) at its meeting in Zaragoza on May 14th "approves the Revolutionary Alliance which shall have as its immediate aim the destruction of the present regime to the end that first libertarian Communism and then Anarchism be established as the definitive form of Government."

Another large labor group, the Union General Trabajadora in its convention held at San Sebastian on June 27th proclaimed itself a part of the Marxist unification, declaring the proletariat would obtain its emancipation by armed revolution, destroying the bourgeois republic and establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Socialist and Communist militia men beset the streets "pistol-girded, bragging, challenging, blood-thirsty, drugged with that hatred lauded by their press as a sign of Marxist loyalty." This is a description of a man who was there, J. Arraras.

We are asked to believe that all this transpired under a Government that was not Red, "nothing of the sort." But I think I have presented enough evidence to show that the Spanish Government is definitely red. If Mr. Day still finds it "strange and unbelievable that some Americans are convinced republican Spain is a red totalitarian outbreak" I can only say with Dr. Johnson that I can give him the facts but I cannot give him understanding. Any one who can not see the red in that picture is color blind.

BUT after all, I am not blaming Mr. Day. Like the late Will Rogers, all he knows is what he sees in the newspapers. Unlike

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Mr. Rogers, Mr. Day believes what he sees there. And therein is a problem.

Mr. Day is a graduate of the public schools. He has been variously a hardware clerk, an oil-field worker, and a concrete finisher. He may be an honor student of our great public educational system, a competent clerk, and a concrete finisher second to none. But there is nothing in his training, nor in the training of millions of our countrymen to guard them against being duped by propagandists. That freedom flourish in this age it is not enough that men be educated to love liberty, and ready to sacrifice their lives to preserve it. They must gather all the facts in each major problem that faces the nation and try to determine just where is the attack on liberty and who is attacking. And keeping informed, really informed, is no longer simply a cultural accomplishment prized for its value in polite conversation. It is the eternal vigilance that is the price of liberty.

But as a prominent publisher recently complained, people, even educated people no longer read books. People do not make up their minds on national issues after carefully reading and studying books in order to get all the facts and an intelligent appreciation of the whole issue. The newspaper is their oracle. And a man who reads only the newspaper is not really informed. He is simply propagandized. He knows some of the facts, he is partly informed. For propaganda is not simply and necessarily the spreading of lies, although this is a part of the science and a major part in Communist technique. Propaganda is more effective when based on some little truth. About one part truth, say, to ten parts falsehood. Then mix. Or propaganda is more effective yet when it is the truth but not all the truth. The little boy who asked his father for a nickel for the old lady crying on the corner delighted — and propagandized — his Dad. He told the truth. There was an old lady crying on the corner. She was crying: "Popcorn, five cents a sack." Mr. Day "read in the newspaper" that Franco and the army together with foreigners were marching against the Popular Front Government. He thought, therefore, that here was an attack on liberty. But he did not read in his newspaper that the Popular Front was a coalition of Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, etc., who had stolen the elections by violence and illegality. He did not know that there had been no liberty in Spain — only anarchy — since these political gangsters had forced themselves into power. He did not read these words of Lerroux,

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for fifty years a Radical, one of the architects of the Republic, and more than once Premier of Republican Spain:

"The Army has not broken with discipline; it seeks to restore a discipline broken by anti-patriotic traitors and criminal anarchists, it has not risen against the law but for the law, so that law and authority should rule, not against the people, but for the safety of the people. . . . When the Army took arms it was already identified with the people; and the people without distinction of class or outlook, deliberately took its stand by the side of the Army."

The American press did not consider itself called upon to present these facts to Mr. Day along with the stories of Franco bombing Madrid. It is not, as far as I know, that the American press consciously connives in a plot to keep the American people uninformed of the whole picture and all the facts of the Spanish War, or of any other issue involving a conflict between the traditional Christian civilization and Communism. It seems simply not to consider it a part of its duty and function scrupulously to present a whole and objective picture of such situations. As in this case of the Spanish War, it passes on the Red hand-outs and censored reports and calls it a day. The American press is a business operating for profit, not a profession conscientiously discharging its duty to the public. It is moreover, with few honorable exceptions, instinctively hostile to things Catholic, for it is a child of its age and a creature of its environment, of a piece with the prejudices and philosophy of its contemporary milieu.

THE only adequate corrective for this sad state of affairs is a large Catholic daily in every large city. Our monthly and weekly press, the new Press Bureau of N.C.W.C., are all admirable and deserving of loyal support. But they have one fault in common. They are too sporting. They give a lie too much of a head start, and it is notorious that given a five minute start, a lie never can be caught up with and tagged out.

Until the day dawns when there is a first class Catholic paper on every street corner, John Day is at the mercy of our secular press, which in turn is at the mercy of its own prejudices and the powers of finance — Capitalism. But let John take heart. We are still young. And if God grants us length of days we may live to see such a chain of Catholic papers.

Salute to Death

There is something reminiscent of the heroism of the early Christians in the story of Maria de la Luz, who died in Mexico, a martyr to the faith, less than three years ago.

It was a time of great disturbance in Coyoacan, the town in which she lived; the Communists and Radicals were seizing every opportunity to show their hatred for the Catholic Religion. On Sunday, Dec. 30, 1934, a band of youthful Reds, armed with revolvers, gathered in a park just opposite a Catholic Church. It was the children's Mass, and about two hundred of the little ones were within the Church.

Maria de la Luz, who lived close by, heard somehow that there was trouble brewing, and without an instant's delay, hurried over to the Church, where she took up her stand in the doorway. The children hearing Mass were some of her own Catechism pupils, and she was determined to protect them with her life.

Soon the young roughnecks in the park, inflamed by the brandy which their leaders had thoughtfully provided for them, began to shout insults, and to wave their revolvers menacingly towards Maria de la Luz, and a few staunch Catholics who stood beside her before the door of the Church.

"Cursed be Christ the King!" they shouted. "Cursed be the Virgin of Guadeloupe!"

"Long live Christ the King!" came back the cry from the heroic young woman, "long live the Virgin of Guadeloupe!"

A youth ran across the street, and approached Maria. She recognized him as one whom she had prepared for First Communion.

"Miss Camacho," he entreated, "I beg of you not to stay here. They are going to burn the Church."

But Maria de la Luz did not move.

The Red leader was furious. He turned to his companions and shouted:

"Long live the Revolution!"

"Long live Christ! . . ."

Maria never finished the sentence; the words of the Red leader had been a signal, and no sooner were they uttered than a volley of shots rang out. A bullet struck her full in the breast; without another word she sank to the ground. But the Church was saved.

WHY AND HOW TO PRAY OFTEN

THE VALUE OF EJACULATORY PRAYERS

This short article, with its many richly indulgenced ejaculatory prayers, has been printed in leaflet form, with the *Imprimatur* of Archbishop Stritch, by the St. Boniface Mission League of Milwaukee. Copies of the leaflet may be ordered through THE LIGUORIAN at 10 for 25 cents, 50 for 75 cents, 100 for \$1.25.

D. F. MILLER

THE most important and necessary contribution that every man is called upon to make to the cause of his salvation is prayer. Without prayer, in some form or other, no man who has attained the use of reason can remain pleasing to God, even though he were using all the other means of salvation that God has commanded. Conversely, with prayer, even a man who has no knowledge of the Sacraments and Holy Mass, or no opportunity of approaching them, may save his soul, because in answer to true prayer God will infallibly provide whatever is necessary for his soul. This is the meaning behind the cryptic axiom laid down by St. Alphonsus and many other saints: He who prays will infallibly be saved; he who does not pray, will infallibly be lost.

It is this stark necessity of prayer for the success of the great business of our lives that urges us most forcefully to fill our daily lives with the practice of prayer. But it is not all. Even apart from the necessity of prayer, we should be strongly moved by the realization that prayer is a great and glorious privilege, a privilege that in itself keeps us mindful of the immeasurable dignity and destiny that God has bestowed on man. It is the privilege of talking with God and His Mother and His friends, just as we talk to those we love in this world; it is the privilege of having them listen to us, more interestedly and sympathetically than even our closest friends on earth; above all, it is the privilege of receiving something from them in the very moment of our prayer — a privilege whose certainty rests on no less a foundation than the infallible promise of God Himself: Ask and you shall receive. It is all but impossible to ponder for a moment this power that is ours — to talk with God, to have Him listen to us, to know that He is giving us some-

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thing inspired by His infinite knowledge and love — and not become eager to use every opportunity in the passing of each day to pray.

NOW one of the easiest, most gratifying and fruitful exercises of prayer is that of repeating frequently during the day various short, earnest ejaculatory prayers. It is easy, because there are so many brief moments in the day when the mind is idle, e.g., when turning from one task to another, or resting after some work has been completed, or unoccupied with anything serious because we are doing manual labor, or walking through the streets, or merely curiously watching the world go by. In such moments, it is easy to habituate ourselves to momentary thought of God and to utter a brief prayer.

It is gratifying to adopt this habit because it keeps us conscious of the things that are really worth counting on in life. All of us have to grow accustomed to disappointment and failure and sorrow in our daily lives; how many of our plans go awry, and our dreams are unfulfilled and our best efforts are answered by failure. If we had no recourse from these things, gloom would envelop us most of the time. But prayer is our recourse. When after a disappointment or trial, we say simply: "All for Thee, O Lord," we suddenly feel happy and grateful that we have something to offer to God; and that in offering it we are sure that He is bestowing something eternally valuable in return.

Above all, it is fruitful to speak to God by frequent ejaculatory prayers during the day. Not only in the sense that every word of prayer is infallibly answered, though that would be sufficient reward alone. But in the influence this practice will have on our lives as a whole and on the world around us, the practice of ejaculatory prayers bears untold fruits. We live in a world of activity, excitement, distraction. So many are the things around us calling for attention, that if we let ourselves go, it soon becomes difficult even to pray in Church because our minds are so filled with other things. But if we frequently interrupt the stream of material concerns clamoring for attention and lift our thoughts out of the world to God, we shall find every duty of religion becoming more easy and natural. The world will continue to roar, but we shall be in the world, as Our Lord commands, but not of the world.

MOREOVER we can help to save the world by our frequent prayers. It is said that 100 persons are dying every minute that

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we breathe; 6,000 every hour, 4,000,000 every month. How many of these could we not save, meriting for them a last moment grace of repentance, by saying at odd moments during the day: "Divine Heart of Jesus, convert sinners, save the dying; deliver the holy souls in Purgatory." How many thousands of persons are in temptation, or on the verge of sin every moment; how many could we not rescue by the three words often repeated: "My Jesus Mercy." When we think of this, and of all the souls suffering in Purgatory, and of all the priests wrestling with the obstinacy of sinful souls, and of all the human tragedies that might be averted, and then of the power we have in three or four words of prayer — we need no more: the idle moments of each day shall be transformed into deeds of mercy and salvation by the simple alchemy of prayer.

The following ejaculatory prayers are taken from the latest official collection of "Prayers and Pious Works" published by the Sacred Penitentiary at Rome in the year 1938. The indulgence granted is listed after each prayer. Readers are urged to choose from the list those which appeal to them, and to use them frequently each day:

My God and my All. (300 days)

Blessed be the name of the Lord. (50 days)

My God, I thank Thee for what Thou hast given and for what Thou hast taken away. Thy will be done. (300 days)

Teach me, O Lord, to do Thy will, for Thou art my God. (50 days)

O God, come to my aid; O Lord, make haste to help me. (50 days)

Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. (50 days)

Deign, O Lord, to preserve us from sin this day (or this night). (50 days)

Lord, increase our faith. (50 days)

My God, I love Thee. (300 days)

My Jesus, mercy. (300 days)

Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things. (300 days)

Jesus, for Thee I live; Jesus, for Thee I die; Jesus, I am Thine in life and in death. Amen. (100 days)

O Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, have mercy on us. (300 days)

Jesus meek and humble of heart, make our hearts like unto Thine. (50 days)

Divine Heart of Jesus, convert sinners; save the dying; deliver the holy souls in Purgatory. (300 days)

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Sweet Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us and on our erring brothers.
(300 days)

All for Thee, most Sacred Heart of Jesus. (300 days)

Sweet Heart of Jesus, be my love. (300 days)

Heart of Jesus, I love Thee. Convert unfortunate blasphemers.
(50 days)

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us. (50 days)

Praised be the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Most Holy
Sacrament. (300 days)

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, increase our faith, hope and charity.
(300 days)

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, fire of divine love, give peace to the
world. (300 days)

Mary! (300 days)

Holy Mary, preserve us from the torments of hell. (300 days)

Mother of Mercy, pray for us. (300 days)

Mary, Virgin Mother of God, pray to Jesus for me. (300 days)

O Mary, make me live in God, with God, and for God. (300 days)

O Mary, through thy Immaculate Conception, make my body pure
and my soul holy. (300 days)

O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to
thee. (300 days)

O holy Joseph, foster father of our Lord Jesus Christ and true
spouse of the Virgin Mary, pray for us. (300 days)

O Mary, Queen of the clergy, obtain for us many and holy priests.
(300 days)

Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation. (300 days)

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us. (300 days)

Lord, send workers into Thy vineyard. (50 days)

From a sudden and unprovided death, O Lord, deliver us. (300 days)

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine
upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen. (300 days)

Merciful Lord Jesus, give them eternal rest. (300 days)

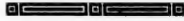


It is only the humble that are never jealous. — St. Bernard



One step beyond mediocrity, and you are saved. — Ernest Psichari.

EDITORIAL



For the Woman of the House

There is a world wide drive in progress that will, if it succeeds, profoundly affect the lives, characters, instinctive and distinctive qualities that are the supreme endowment of womanhood. It is the movement for legal recognition of an unrestricted equality between women and men.

The National Woman's Party has been working for some time and promises to work forever to get an amendment to the United States Constitution guaranteeing to women absolutely equal rights with men. A world wide organization has been formed, with headquarters at Geneva, to work for the same objectives in every land.

The amount of confused thinking required to unite hundreds of women in such a campaign is simply inestimable. They haven't even got their terms straight. What they want is not *equal* rights with men, but the *same* rights as men, or rather they want to *be* men. They want the right to work in factories, to dig in coal mines, to climb telephone poles and string high tension wires. They want the right to be so independent in marriage that they will be utterly defenseless and unprotected when husbands neglect their own duty of providing for them. They want the right to bring children into the world and then abandon their care to others, when all nature cries out that it is the first right and privilege of women to cling to their children almost as part of their own being. They want the right to be treated not as women, with refined sensibilities, delicate perceptions, the power to rule by gentleness and love, but as men, so that they can abrogate all that makes them the real rulers of the world.

Women who recognize the hand of an all-wise Creator in their fashioning will have none of this hysteria over being denied equal or identical rights with men. Instead they will be looking for more protection in their God-given rights as women—for only as women can they be rulers of men and shapers of the destinies of the world.

Catholic Anecdotes



SELF-CONVICTED

The Blessed Sebastian Valfre, while a boy at school, one day approached two of his companions who were quarreling loudly, and on the point of coming to blows. They did not actually begin to fight, but one of them muttered, as boys will, something about "having his revenge."

"Did you say the Our Father this morning?" Sebastian asked him, as they walked away.

"Certainly I did."

"But did you say it attentively?"

"Of course," replied the other, not seeing the trap into which the holy youth was leading him.

"Then," said Valfre, "if you said it with attention, how was it that you missed these words: 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

No more needed to be said; the youth dropped his plans of revenge.

COURAGEOUS — IN WORDS

A monk asked St. Pachomius to pray that God would grant him the grace of martyrdom. The saint tried in vain to show him that this was presumption.

"Well," he said, "I will pray for you, but take care not to fail should occasion for martyrdom come."

The next day the monk set out on some business, and suddenly found himself surrounded by pagan barbarians, who cried out: "Renounce your religion, or die."

Alas, the ardent would-be martyr quailed at the sight of the sword held close to his throat, and he denied his faith to save himself.

Upon returning home, he went in tears to the abbot. But the Saint received him kindly, merely chiding him:

"Hereafter, do not presume upon your own strength."



Let no one think of death but immortality; let no one think of temporary afflictions but eternal glory.

Pointed Paragraphs

LET'S "LIVE" THIS YEAR

Life is defined by scholars as self-motion. In the presence of the mystery that life is in itself to human intelligence, the definition will stand as long as any other. It does not tell so much what life is, as where it is present: Where you see an object capable of moving itself, there you see a thing that lives.

The definition may well be made the theme for a New Year's meditation. In human beings life means not only self-motion, but free self-motion. A man can move himself forward or backward, up or down, towards perfection or towards debasement.

But since we are accustomed to use the word motion pre-eminently of progress, i.e., motion towards a proper goal, it would not be far-fetched to say that a man is only living in the full sense of the word when he is moving himself upward and not downward, forward and not backward. When we have begun to move away from any of the true goals of human nature, we have in a spiritual sense become dead.

The thought is an intriguing one — and sobering. How many people are dead in regard to knowledge of God; they have long since ceased making any progress — moving forward in their knowledge of Him. As a matter of fact, instead of self-moving and therefore living creatures, they have in this regard become like non-living sticks and stones, capable of movement only when someone else picks them up or throws them down.

How many people are dead in regard to the various virtues designed by the Creator for the adornment of man? Life for man is meant to be a self-movement toward perfect patience (how many grow more and more like irresponsible, pouting, grumbling children as the years roll on, and so dead, with not a sign of life); toward chastity (how many meet sudden death in this sphere of human progress, where relaxed vigilance and outside influence contribute to end all self-motion toward the ideal in the blank passivity to temptation that marks a fall); toward perfect charity (how many grow to mistake selfishness for self-preservation, when it really means death — the death of all that can

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make one advance to a more perfect image of God!)

There are innumerable possible resolutions for the New Year hidden away in these reflections. Are you alive? Are you moving forward? Are you moving yourself forward toward life's greatest goals? Or are you dead like the leaves in fall, that the winds sweep up and down a landscape with the aimlessness of all winds?

Start living! Start moving!

BACK TO THE PREHISTORIC

Kent Cooper, the general manager of the Associated Press News Service, recently made the prediction that the newspapers of the future would be 50 per cent pictures and 50 per cent word text. In other words — it will not be long, if this prediction is true, before the national literacy will reach the point where the ordinary citizen will not be able to absorb more reading matter than the child of five for whom picture books with large texts like "This is a cat — the cat has fur" are written.

Scientists study with interest the language of prehistoric and barbarous tribes, which consists of a series of crude pictures scrawled over a wall. They show, very learnedly, how the human race has developed since that time; how it discarded pictures for symbols, symbols for hieroglyphics, hieroglyphics for letters and words, etc. Now it seems we are on our way backward again; soon we shall be writing newspapers with pictures, and gradually people will be able to forget letters and words.

But perhaps it will not do so much harm if people are allowed to forget the kind of language the modern world uses. Words have come to be barriers to right thinking. We teach a child the meaning of honesty, and then the child grows up to find politicians raving about honesty who would steal the crutches from a cripple if they could get away with it. We teach children the meaning of morality, and the child grows up to find that the world accepts anything you happen to desire as morally good. We teach children the meaning of Christianity, and they grow up to find that the world has given the word 10,000 meanings and claims that they are all true.

Perhaps, then, it won't be so bad if we get back to a picture language again. Then, at least, people will not be impeded in their efforts at right thinking by a flock of Ph.D.'s telling them that black can be white, and

yes can be no. They'll form a new language eventually, and it will not be nearly so deceptive and dishonest as much of the language of today.

ANIMAL BOOKS — FOR LITTLE ANIMALS

Now that Christmas is over, and everybody will have more time to examine in leisurely fashion the season's gifts, it might be well for parents to do a little censoring of the books that were given to their children. When the toy automobiles have met with disaster, when the new dolls have lost their glamour, when the horn and drum and pop-gun have finally driven everybody in the house to distraction, the children are quite liable to sit down and open up the big picture books they received and to start drinking in some of the large type messages contained therein. For that moment, here comes a warning:

Many of the innocent looking picture books that busy Christmas shoppers saw gleaming on 5 and 10 cent store counters are neat little jobs in leftist or subversive propaganda for children. Uncle Jim saw them there and said to himself, "Just the thing for Mary's youngest," and without further ado, forked over his dime. But here is what he may have gotten:

An animal book intended to teach children the bare facts about man's brotherhood with the brutes. One such popular book presents a prefatory diagram called "the tree of life." On parallel branches sit man and the apes. To clear up any mystery that this may have for the child mind, a note reveals that the only claim man has to superiority over the apes is intelligence; that as a spiritual being, man ranks with the apes. In another place the child is informed that "man's superior position among the primates (apes) is merely due to a superior brain, greater in size and far more intricate in structure." Again, men and apes are practically the same "because neither has an external tail, or at most, only a vestige."

The idea is, of course, to make good little materialists out of children by teaching them early that man is nothing more than an animal, like a horse or a cow. If anyone is inclined to think that this stuff will make no impression on a child's mind, we suggest that he sit beside a child who is looking through a picture book and answer questions for half an hour. The materialists and communists did it, and that is why they are putting out such books.

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Don't let the apparent innocence of large colored pictures and bold type and simple words lull you out of watchfulness. Even your children are not safe from bad propaganda, if you are not constantly careful to see that they get good propaganda.

FRANCO AGAIN

The war against Franco and Spain is still on in America. *Newsweek* of December 19 carries this enlightening item: "Concentration of thousands of Italian 'volunteers' last week in northern insurgent Spain, just over the French border, coincided with the growth of the Franco-Italian quarrel. Generalissimo Francisco Franco's purpose, however, was to use them in a great new offensive. To weaken loyalist morale in advance, Franco's Italian and German bombers gave coast towns bitter punishment."

Newsweek is supposedly an intelligent magazine, a magazine that has all the sources of truth at its disposal and tells the truth without fear or favor. But flavoring news items in such a way that a wrong impression is given to the reader is not telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth. One would imagine that General Franco's army is an entirely foreign army, while the Loyalists army is entirely Spanish. This is not the case. The Loyalists have dismissed only a few hundred of their foreign mercenaries, while the Nationalists have sent away thousands. To be stressing constantly the foreign troops on one side, and never to say a word about the foreign troops on the other side is to leave the wrong impression in the minds of people who have no other opportunity of informing themselves on the true state of affairs.

The same criticism can be leveled at the second part of *Newsweek's* announcement: "Franco's Italian and German bombers gave coast towns bitter punishment." It would be interesting to go through all the files of *Newsweek*, and find out how many times the magazine gave space to Loyalist bombings of unprotected towns in Nationalist territory. And yet we are certain that such bombings have taken place.

It is indeed strange that so fine and intelligent a magazine as *Newsweek* should be taken in by the cheap propaganda of the Leftists and Communists who are the backbone of the Loyalist cause. Where is its intelligence if it cannot see through such puerile reports and half truths as trickle in from a land where morality and decency have been forgotten? Our only conclusion must be that the intelligent magazine

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Newsweek is not so intelligent after all. And who wants to read a magazine that lays no claim to intelligence?

WHAT DOES CHRISTIANITY MEAN?

There was a syndicated article in the newspapers some time ago in which several top-flight movie stars told of the Christmases of the past they remembered best. Although nine or ten of them went over the years of their lives right down to the first year that they realized there was such a day as Christmas, not a single one could say that the Christmas which stood out most prominently in their memory was one which had any Christian significance, or, indeed, any reference to Christ in whose honor the 25th of December was set aside as a day of universal celebration.

We do not blame the movie stars for this strange phenomenon though as heroes and heroines to thousands of boys and girls and men and women we might expect them to be better informed on vital things of life, and to be truer exemplars for the youth of the world than they are. But we do not blame them entirely. They too are children of the age. While it must be mysterious and at the same time annoying to the angels to see people of wide reputation and high opportunity so ignorant and earth-minded, still the movie stars are not the only ones at fault. I dare say three out of five people in all walks of life, were they questioned, would give the same answers.

It is the same old trouble. Christianity has not gotten into the souls and lives of 20th century people to make an impression. It is not Christianity's fault. People persist in making it something external, something to be put on and off at will, something without deep and eternal significance. In the struggle with the material, the spiritual, which is Christianity, is losing out. And that is why a prominent woman in the pictures can say that her best remembered Christmas was one on which "the gentlemen of the press gave a party on the stage of a New York theatre for a group of actors and actresses." This is far removed from the ideas that Christmas should put in the mind.

Until we return to the spirit of the Middle Ages in the Christianity that we practice, our ranting against Communism and Fascism and all the other awful evils of the day will be in vain.

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I BELIEVE IN MATHEMATICS

Travel is broadening, goes the saying. Certainly it helps one to realize how many kinds of people there are in the world — and it gives an insight into people's minds that in more official circumstances you would scarcely attain.

We are thinking now of a man we met recently, who was about as close to the typical man on the train as any. We met over the lunch table, being thrown together by the crowded condition of the dining car. He introduced himself and started a conversation immediately, ranging over his particular line of business, the topography of his home town; the circle of his acquaintances, and inevitably, religion.

The man was well educated, evidently a shrewd business executive, an interesting and lively talker. Moreover he had much natural goodness, as could be quickly gathered from his criticism of excessive drinking, his castigations on divorce, his sincere views on other topics of morality. But here is what he said about religion:

"I am a Presbyterian. You are a Roman Catholic. But after all, it doesn't matter what we call ourselves, if fundamentally we are Christian. Everything else is accidental. If we are really Christian, you and I and all other religionists are O. K."

Now he might just as well have said: "I believe that the important thing in business is to believe in mathematics. You may contend that five and five make ten, and I may claim that five and five make eleven. But that is accidental. The fact that we both believe in mathematics makes us both O. K."

But no; as a sharp business man, our friend would never have agreed to that. Yet his own statement was just as mathematically absurd. If one believes that Christ taught there is a hell, and another that such a doctrine is folly, it emphatically will not serve any purpose for both to call themselves Christian. Christ either did or did not teach that there is a hell. To pretend to be a Christian without trying to find out which doctrine He stood for, or to say that He stands for contradictions such as are found in the various sects, is bordering on lunacy.

Yes, travel is broadening. It is saddening too, when it brings one into contact with good men who think so badly.

"COLORING THE NEWS"

A young lady from Mexico City, visiting the United States some

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time ago, was asked why it was that the priests of her native country were so quick to run away when persecution fell upon them and threatened to deprive them of their life. She was reminded that in the stormy days of Henry VIII and Elizabeth in England the priests remained at the post of duty even though it meant hanging, quartering, and disembowelment if they were caught. History affirms their heroism.

Were the Mexican priests of a different "cut" from that of their brothers of the cloth across the sea? According to so many reports they were lazy, ignorant and unworthy of their calling. Were those reports true?

The young lady answered with a smile that her questioner must have been reading the American newspapers, and believing everything he read. Not only did she deny the implication that the priests of Mexico were cowards, but she maintained that they were the mainstay of the people in their hour of trial. They hid in the mountains; they disguised themselves as workers, as peasants, as men of leisure; they died in the service of their flocks. The papers did not think it necessary to write the story of their courage, of course, and thus few people learned of it. But it was there, and more than one priest suffered "all things for the sake of Christ."

THE DIFFERENCE

The devil once appeared to St. Macarius, one of the early Fathers of the Desert, and said angrily:

"How I should like to kill you! I can do the works you do even better than you do them. You sometimes fast; I am always fasting. You sometimes watch while others sleep; I never sleep. There is only one thing that makes you stronger than me — and that is your humility!"

THE ANSWER

A small Catholic girl confided to her little friend, a child of atheist parents, that she had prayed for a fine day for the School picnic. When the picnic-day arrived, it rained.

"I thought you prayed for a fine day," her companion jeered at her.

"I did," was the quick response, "but God said No!"

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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

FAITH

Faith is a virtue, or a gift which God infuses into our souls in baptism; a gift by which we believe the truths which God Himself has revealed to the holy Church, and which she proposes to our belief.

The Church

By the *Church* is meant the congregation of all who are baptized

(for persons not baptized are out of the Church), and profess the true faith under a visible head, that is, the

Sovereign Pontiff. I say *the true faith*, to exclude heretics, who though baptized, are separated from the Church; I say *under a visible head*, to exclude schismatics, who do not obey the Pope, and, on that account, easily pass from schism to heresy. St. Cyprain well says: "Heresies and schisms have no other origin than this—the refusal to obey the priest of God and the notion that there can be more than one priest at one time presiding over the Church, and more than one judge at one time filling the office of Vicar of Christ."

We have all revealed truths in Sacred Scriptures, and in the traditions gradually communicated by God to His servants. But how should we be able to ascertain what are their true meaning, if we had not the Church to teach us? This Church Jesus Christ established as the pillar and ground of the truth. To this Church Our Saviour Himself has promised that she shall never be conquered by her enemies. *The gates of hell shall not prevail*

against her. The gates of hell are the heresies and heresiarchs that have caused so many miserable, deluded souls to wander from the right way. This Church it is that teaches us, through her ministers, the truths that we are to believe. Thus, St. Augustine says: "I would not believe the Gospel, were I not moved by the authority of the Church."

Motive of Faith

The cause or motive, then, which imposes on me the obligation to believe the truths of faith is, because God, the infallible Truth, has revealed them, and because the Church proposes them to my belief. So we should make out a rule of faith in this "My God, because Thou who are the infallible Truth, hast revealed to the Church the truths of faith, I believe all the Church proposes to my belief."

This is the reason or motive which makes me believe the truths of revelation. Let us now see what are those truths which we are obliged to believe.

Principal Articles of Faith

There are four principal articles of faith:

1. There is an ever-present God.
2. He is a just judge who rewards with the eternal glory of paradise all who observe His law, and punishes all who transgress it with the everlasting torments of hell.
3. In God there are three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these persons, though distinct from one another, are but one God, because they are

one essence and one divinity. Hence, as the Father is eternal, omnipotent, and infinite, so are the Son and the Holy Ghost equally eternal, omnipotent, and infinite. The Son is begotten of the intelligence of the Father. The Holy Ghost proceeds from the will of the Father and Son, by the love with which they love one another.

4. The Incarnation of the Eternal Word—that is, of the Second Person—the Son, who, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, was made man in the womb of the Virgin Mary—for the Person of the Word assumed the nature of man, so that the two natures, the divine and the human, were united in the person of Jesus Christ, who suffered and died for our salvation. But what necessity was there that Jesus Christ should suffer for our redemption? Man had sinned; and to obtain pardon it was necessary that man should make a full satisfaction to God for the sins that had been committed. But how could man make such satisfaction to the infinite majesty of God? What, then, did God do? The Father sent the Son to take upon Himself our nature; and the Son, Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, atoned to the divine justice in behalf of man. Such is the debt and the love that we owe to Jesus Christ. Denis the Carthusian tells us of a young man who, at Mass, did not kneel down at the words of the Creed, *Et homo factus est* (And he was made man); upon which a devil with a club appeared to him, and said: "Thou ungrateful wretch, dost thou not thank the God who was made flesh for thee? If He had done for us what He has done for thee, we should be always prostrate in thankful

adoration. And thou dost not even make a sign of thankfulness." Then he gave him a terrible blow with his club and left him half dead.

We are bound to return to God the most heartfelt thanks for having given us the gift of the true faith. How great is the number of infidels, heretics, and schismatics! Catholics do not amount to the tenth part of the human race. God has placed us in this number; by His providence we were born in the bosom of the true Church. Few thank Him for this great benefit. Let us at least be careful to thank Him for it every day.

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Seeing that on this earth so many miscreants live in prosperity, and so many saints live in tribulations, the very Gentiles, by the sole aid of the light of nature, came to this conclusion—that, as there is a just God there must be another life in which the wicked are punished and the good rewarded. But what the Gentiles learned by the light of reason, we Christians know by the light of Faith. *We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.* This earth is not our country; it is for us a place of passage, from which we shall soon go to the house of eternity.

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Be assured that though in the fulfillment of your daily duties you should be employed in the meanest occupations, the faithful discharge of them will certainly make you a saint. The Lord does not require of you lofty flights of contemplation, or formidable penances: all that He does demand is that you perform all your actions well.

Book Reviews

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Canticle of Love: Autobiography of Marie Sainte-Cecile de Rome, R.J.M. (Dina Belanger). Translated from the French by Mary St. Stephen, R.J.M. Published by the Chronicle Publishing Co., Quebec, Canada, Pages xvi & 307; paper cover. Price: \$1.50.

This is the personal, intimate story of Dina Belanger, in religion Marie Sainte-Cecile de Rome, of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary. Like the autobiography of the Little Flower, this too was written in response to the direct command of her religious superiors.

It is indeed a canticle of love—the love of Jesus Christ for the soul of this daughter of an old French-Canadian family and her love for Him. It was true love—not mere sentiment, nor idle vaporings—it was an affection that flowered and bore fruit in service and sacrifice, in humility, obedience and resignation; and in a fidelity that culminated in a “vow of the greatest perfection.” To those who have an understanding heart, the *Canticle of Love* will be both of interest and value and encouragement; others are apt to find it nothing but “words, words, words.”

Certain ones are sure to smile so knowingly, think or speak so discreetly of hothouse flowers—let them read first and learn. Dina Belanger was sheltered in a good Catholic home, taught by religious teachers in day and boarding schools; but she also studied music in the Conservatory in New York City under Damrosch, Newstead and Frieberg. She knew, too, the concert stage and public applause. Less than ten years of her life were spent in religion and those the final decade of her life. But how strenuous were those years in the practice of virtue!

Marie Sainte-Cecile de Rome died in 1929, in her thirty-third year. “You will do good by your writings,” Our Lord had assured her. And the testimonials that have come since her death to her beloved convent at Sillery are convincing

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

proof that she who was far from being idle on earth, is passing her heaven “begging for love” and is “showering down favors with liberal hand.”

—M. S. B.

Roses Fall Where Rivers Meet. A Description and Explanation of the Shower of Roses of the Little Flower. By The Rev. Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm. The Carmelite Press, Englewood, New Jersey, and Chicago, Ill.

Another book about the Little Flower by the man who is surely imbued with her spirit and who knows more about her than any living person with the exception of her own sisters. The book describes how God overwhelmed St. Terese with His love and how she returned this love to Him as fully as her capabilities permitted her and as a result of these two rivers of love, which after all are one and the same, the roses of love fall from heaven on those whom St. Terese chooses to help. If the book had been written as a book and not as a novena of sermons I believe it would have been more interesting for the general reader. —E. A. M.

CANON LAW

NOTE: This full review of Father Fintan's book is given because of the importance of its subject matter for Sisters:

The Canon Law Governing Communities of Sisters, by Rev. Fintan Gesser, O. S. B. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 415 pages. \$3.00.

For many reasons, this is one of the best books in English on the subject. The treatment is clear and concise. The doctrine is, in general, good, and at times excellent, particularly when the author quotes St. Thomas. The question and answer form and detailed index make the work very serviceable as a book of reference.

Several inaccuracies have been noted. The decree of Feb. 1, 1924, states that the superior of a branch-house is not a local superior in the canonical sense. Hence the answer to question 171 is not correct. In question 70 the author gives

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a faulty idea of a branch-house, due to the fact that he translates the word "communitas" as "institute."

Question 75 states that every physical person is also a "moral" or legal person. A physical person is a moral person in a philosophical, but not in a legal sense. Canon 87 states that a person in the Church is a human being who is baptized. A moral person or personality is a juridic entity constituted by public authority and is the subject of rights. Canon 99 distinguishes physical from moral persons. They are not the same.

In question 134 the author seems to say that a papal institute of Sisters needs the permission of the ordinary of the diocese of the motherhouse to establish a convent in another diocese. Canon 497 does not require such permission.

Question 206 states that the chapter cannot elect the same superior for a third consecutive term without first obtaining a special faculty from the Sacred Congregation. That is true. But a Circular Letter of March 9, 1920, gives directions for a postulation. In this case the procedure is quite different.

Even if canon 2381 applies to religious, it would be incorrect to say as the author does in 346 that a religious superior is *ipso facto* deprived of her office by unlawful absence.

Canon 533 gives a complete enumeration of the cases when pontifical sisterhoods need the consent of the local ordinary for investments. This legislation is given correctly in number 544. In number 537 the duties of administrators in general are given as if this applied to Sisterhoods. (Canon 1523). Here a word of explanation should have been added to clear up the apparent contradiction.

In 902 it must be added that only when the religious has made perpetual vows is the excommunication mentioned incurred.

In a doubt, ordinary jurisdiction must be interpreted widely (canon 200). Hence if a superior has jurisdiction, and a doubt arises about his authority such as described in 911, it must be settled in favor of the superior. One is tempted to ask why the doubt must be settled in the opposite way when the superior possessed only dominative power.

In 1081 the question is asked whether a Sister who during temporary vows developed strongly marked and serious hysteria can be refused the right to renew her vows. The answer given is in the negative on the ground that hysteria is a sickness. A fuller treatment of the subject would have been desirable. It is often hard to determine whether a nervous condition is a sickness or a flaw of character. In the question as proposed the Sister developed hysteria during temporary vows. Then the cause might easily be that the young woman has no vocation, and her attempt to lead a life for which she is not suited is making her nervous. Still the author contends that superiors cannot dismiss her because she is sick!

In the next number the author states that a Sister who became mentally deranged during temporary vows, remains under temporary vows after the vows have expired. The law of Nov. 24, 1924, does not say that. When the term of temporary vows has expired, those vows cease, but the mentally unbalanced retains the juridic status of one in temporary vows, i.e., she remains in the community, retains the habit, and receives the prescribed prayers after death.

The answer in 1185 is misleading. If a Sister with temporary vows does not appeal against the decree of her dismissal within ten days, the right to appeal given in Canon 647 is lost. The ten days are a "tempus utile." The Sister's vows cease and she must leave the convent. Thereafter she may have recourse to the Holy See, as any Catholic may if he thinks he has a grievance. But it will no longer be the appeal with suspensive effect given by the canon. It is true the author says as much in the last sentence of his answer. But he should have said that he is using the word "appeal" in a different sense in the first sentence, than it is used in the canon or in the preceding numbers.

In the first appendix a very good list of questions is given for the canonical examination of postulants and novices. The second appendix supplies a list of the canons cited in the work.

There was a need for a book of this kind in English. And Father Fintan has filled it very well. — F. E. B.



Catholic Comment



Things we hope they won't do during the New Year: Keep sending dozens of correspondents to Loyalist Spain (most of them with pre-fixed sympathies and principles) and but one or two to Franco's territory in Spain, whose communications are slashed anyway when they arrive. . . . Permit Communists to hold control of Union Locals and official positions in National Labor organizations. . . . Continue to let the railroads get by with maladministration, attempts at lessening of wages, and default of obligations to small investors. . . . Allow racketeers to prey on legitimate business in large cities and shyster lawyers to defend them. . . . Accuse the Catholic Church of Fascism when she speaks against Communism and of Communism when she opposes Fascism. . . . Keep on parading the current crop of Hollywood divorcees across the pages of the newspapers. . . . Let glib columnists continue to pontificate about every subject under the sun, without any demand for solidity of argument or research for information (sparing this columnist). . . .

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Things we hope they will do during the New Year: Continue or start the campaign in every diocese of the country against filthy and obscene periodicals. . . . Establish Catholic Negro parishes in large cities that have at present utterly inadequate facilities for taking care of the Catholic Negroes and converting non-Catholics. . . . Tell the truth about birth-prevention, for a change, to the American populace,—its moral obloquy, its physical and psychical consequences on those who practice it, its fatal results for the stability and permanence of a nation. . . . Stop the trend of Catholic high school and college education toward aping every feature and method of the secular education of the day. . . . Put philosophy back where it belongs in Catholic education, as the pivot course around which everything else revolves, not as a side issue to be taken in small doses like distasteful medicine. . . . Do something to keep radio advertisers from ten minute splurges of super-superlatives describing washing powder, breakfast food, cosmetics and dog-food.

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Year by year a little more of the real meaning of Christmas is getting into public prominence in preparation for the feast. In one city of about 5,000 this year, we saw the bandstand in a public park transformed into a beautiful crib, with life-size figures, illuminated at night to attract both the eye and the mind to what Christmas really means. We are proud that the city was Oconomowoc, the home of THE LIGUORIAN. . . . In Chicago, the Franciscan Fathers were responsible for the erection of a large crib outdoors in Chicago's loop, where thousands of passers-by could daily be forced to a moment's meditation. The singing of Christmas hymns over loud speakers in downtown streets during shopping hours was more popular than ever in the large cities. . . . All of which may or may not indicate that we are on our way toward injecting a bit of truth into the boast that we are a Christian nation.

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David Goldstein, well known Jewish convert and Campaigner for Christ, has issued an answer to many of the charges made against his race by the Rev.

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Charles E. Coughlin. No doubt in perfect good faith, the latter has used as the base of his charges a book called "The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World" by the Rev. Denis Fahey, C.S.Sp. Mr. Goldstein shows that a considerable part of the material of the book is based on false documents (e.g. a report on the Communist activities in pre-revolution Russia supposed to be in the files of the "American Secret Service," in answer to which Mr. Goldstein shows that there is no "American Secret Service"; that there is no such document in the files of the United States Secret Service, the department Father Fahey no doubt had in mind; that there is no evidence that any department of the United States ever issued such a document at all); or on misstatements of fact (e.g. as to the nationality of the originators of the Russian revolution and its subsequent leaders); and on the protocols of Zion, which the author concedes to be unproved as to authenticity before using them wholesale in his indictment of Jews. . . . More interesting and to the point, we believe, than the controversies over fact on the Jewish question, is the syndicated article of Father James Gillis, in which he jerks his readers back to fundamental Christianity by saying: "Just for the sake of argument, let us suppose that the Jews are our 'enemies.' Let us suppose that they 'persecute' and 'calumniate' us. As a matter of fact, they are not our enemies. But suppose they were. . . . Then what? Do you ask me? Don't ask me. Ask our Saviour. He says 'Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that persecute and calumniate you.'"

Self-interest is often the only point at which a fair evaluation of the position of the Catholic Church is allowed to enter the mind of an outsider. Consider this apologia of Albert Einstein, promoter of the theory of relativity, made not so long ago: "Being a lover of freedom, when the revolution came in Germany, I looked to the universities to defend it, knowing that they had always boasted of their devotion to the cause of truth; but no, the universities immediately were silenced. Then I looked to the great editors of the newspapers whose flaming editorials in days gone by had proclaimed their love of freedom; but they, like the universities, were silenced in a few short weeks. Then I looked to the individual writers, who, as literary guides of Germany, had written much and often concerning the place of freedom in modern life; but they, too, were mute. Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth. I never had any special interest in the Church before, but now I feel a great affection and admiration because the Church alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom. I am forced to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly." That is no mean confession for a scientist to make, that he had judged something "without evidence," and despised it without reason.

With a new page turning in the book of life, we've been looking back over correspondence of the past year to urge on our spirits for the work lying ahead. Here are some of the things we found, that we present like the commercial advertising we just scored on the previous page: "Congratulation upon the many good things you are publishing. Too bad your circulation is not ten fold, one hundred, or one thousand fold greater. Still like the little mustard seed, its present distribution may result in waxing into a great tree." (Chicago) "I receive fifteen Catholic magazines every month and THE LIGUORIAN is the only one I read from cover to cover." (Milwaukee) So there. That will hold us for pretty nearly the rest of the year. We hope you'll be with us.

Lucid Intervals

Joe—I want to change my name, your honor.

Judge—What is your name?

Joe—Joe Stinks.

Judge—I don't blame you. What do you want to change it to?

Joe—Charlie.

*

Fight Manager—Well, what are you beefin' about? You came into this racket with your eyes open.

Pug—Yeah, and they've been closed ever since!

*

New Typist (following rapid-fire dictation): Now Mr. Jones— What did you say between "Dear Sir" and "Sincerely yours?"

*

Meeker—I read in the papers that science has discovered that singing warms the blood.

Sockman—I don't doubt that at all. I've heard singing that has made my blood boil.

*

There was a dense fog and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

As he leaned over the side of the bridge, trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked.

"What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared. "Don't you know the rules of the road?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv'nor," said a quiet voice, "this 'ere's a light-house."

*

Sweet Young Thing: "Did you have a local anaesthetic?"

Student: "No, I went to a hospital in Denver."

*

Gracie: My poor Unkie! He plays the accordion every night and cries like a baby.

George: Why does he cry? Does he play sad music?

Gracie: No—the accordion keeps pinching his stomach!

Teacher: "Have you heard of Julius Caesar?"

Pupil: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "What do you think he would be doing now if he were alive?"

Pupil: "Drawing the old age pension."

*

"You lazy good-fo'nuthin', why don't you-all go to work?"

"Mandy, Ah is an unhappy medium, Ah is."

"Whut's dat?"

"Ah is too heavy fo' light work an' too light fo' heavy work."

*

Dinner Guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?"

Absent-minded Prof: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk most of them."

*

Mrs. Askett (on phone)—I sent my little boy for two pounds of bananas, and you sent only a pound and a half.

Grocer—My scales are all right, Mrs. Askett. Have you weighed your little boy since he got back?

*

A blushing young woman handed the telegraph operator a telegram to be sent which contained only the single word "Yes." Desiring to be of real help to patrons of his company, he said: "You know, you can send nine more words for the same price."

"I know I can," replied the customer, "but don't you think it would look like I am too anxious if I said it ten times?"

*

Two negroes had quarrelled over a game of cards. The dispute grew more and more heated, and suddenly one of them reached in his hip pocket.

"Man," he said, "what's de date?"

"I ain't payin' no heed to dates," was the reply.

"I jest thought you'd like to know," said the first negro, "'cause jest 12 months from today you'll have been dead a year."

*

First Dumb Hunter: "How do you detect an elephant?"

Guide: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A Redemptorist scholarship or burse is a fund of \$5,000 whose interest serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary forever. Below is the list of incomplete Burses. Sums large or small may be given, and each donor is included in the daily Masses, Holy Communions and special prayers offered up by all Redemptorist students.

Supporting candidates for the priesthood has always been a favorite work among Catholics.

By this, families in which no child has received an actual vocation may adopt a priest as their own.

By this, they make themselves sharers in all the labors of the priest whom they have aided.

By this they take an active part in perpetuating the Church of Christ.

Married Ladies Burse, St. Louis, Mo., Rock Church	\$2,770.66
Ven. Bishop Neumann Burse.....	\$4,626.00
Anonymous	52.50 4,678.50
St. Joseph's Burse.....	1,713.00
St. Francis Assisi Burse.....	2,907.50
Little Flower Burse.....	3,006.00
St. Anne's Burse	657.00
St. Jude's Burse.....	\$ 272.00
Mrs. Thomas Sheehy.....	4.00 276.00
St. Rita's Burse.....	517.00
St. Thomas Apostle Burse.....	211.00
St. Gerard's Burse.....	533.00
St. Peter's Burse.....	248.75
Holy Family Burse.....	29.50
St. Anthony's Burse.....	418.00
Mary Gockel Burse.....	12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franzen, C.Ss.R., Memorial Burse	1,127.30
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	1,020.94
St. Alphonsus Burse.....	561.00
Holy Redeemer Burse.....	500.00

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

Arizona Wildcat, The
Girl Downstairs, The
Red River Range
Shine on Harvest Moon
Smashing the Spy Ring
Strange Case of Dr. Meade, The
Sweethearts
Terror of Tiny Town, The
Thanks for Everything
Wings of the Navy

Previously Reviewed

Adventure in Sahara
Affairs of Annabel
Always in Trouble
Annabel Takes a Tour
Arkansas Traveler
Army Girl
Arrest Bulldog Drummond
Barefoot Boy
Billy the Kid Returns
Black Bandit
Blockheads
Blondie
Boo-oo
Boys Town
Breaking the Ice
Campus Confessions
Carefree
Christmas Carol, A
Cipher Bureau
City Streets
Colorado Trail, The
Come On, Leathernecks
Come on Ranger
Conflict
Cowboy and the Lady, The
Crowd Roars, The
Dawn Patrol
Desperate Adventure, A
Down in "Arkansas"
Down on the Farm
Drums
Duke of West Point
Durango Valley Raiders
Exposed
Father O'Flynn
Five of a Kind
Flight to Fame
Flirting with Fate
Four's a Crowd
Freshmen Year
Frontier Scout
Frontiersman
Fugitives for a Night
Gang Bullets
Ganster's Boy
Garden of the Moon
Gateway
Give Me a Sailor
Gladiator, The

Glory of Faith, The
Gold Mine in the Sky
Golgotha
Guilty Trail
Hard to Get
Heart of the North
Held for Ransom
Heroes of the Hills
Higgins Family, The
Highway Patrol
Hold That Co-e d
Holiday
I am a Criminal
I'll Give a Million
I'm From the City
In Early Arizona
In Old Mexico
Just Around the Corner
Juvenile Court
Keep Smiling
Kidnapped
King of the Sierras
Ladies in Distress
Last Warning
Law of the Plains
Law of the Texan
Lawless Valley
Law West of Tombstone
Letter of Introduction
Lily of Killarney
Listen, Darling
Little Adventuress, The
Little Flower of Jesus
Little Miss Broadway
Little Orphan Annie
Little Tough Guy
Little Tough Guys in Society
Love Finds Andy Hardy
Mad Miss Manton
Man From Music Mountain
Man to Remember, A
Man With 100 Faces
Men With Wings
Mexicali Kid, The
Missing Guest, The
Mother Carey's Chickens
Mr. Chump
Mr. Doodle Kicks Off
Mr. Moto Takes a Chance
My Bill
My Lucky Star
Mysterious Rider, The
Nancy Drew, Detective
Night Hawk, The
Orphans of the Street
Out West With the Hardys
Overland Stage Raiders
Painted Desert
Pals of the Saddle
Panamint's Bad Man
Paris Honeymoon
Peck's Bad Boy with the Circus

Phantom Gold
Phantom Ranger
Pioneer Trail
Prairie Justice
Prairie Moon
Pride of the West
Prison Break
Professor Beware
Reformatory
Religious Racketeer
Renegade Ranger, The
Rhythm of the Saddle
Rich Man, Poor Girl
Riders of Black Hills
Rio Grande
Road Demons
Rollin' Plains
Room Service
Rose of Tralee
Safety in Numbers
Sante Fe Stampede
Service De Luxe
Sharpshooters
Sing, You, Sinners
Six Shootin' Sheriff
Sixty Glorious Years
Snow White and the Seven
Dwarfs
Sons of the Legion
South of Arizona
Spring Madness
Stablemates
Starlight Over Texas
Storm Over Bengal
Straight, Place and Show
Stranger from Arizona
Submarine Patrol
Sunset Trail, The
Swing, Sister, Swing
Swing That Cheer
Tenth Avenue Kid
Test Pilot
Texans, The
That Certain Age
There Goes My Heart
Time Out for Murder
Titans of the Deep
Too Hot to Handle
Torchy Gets Her Man
Touchdown Army
Up the River
Utah Trail, The
Valley of the Giants, The
Wanted by the Police
Western Jamboree
West of Santa Fe
Where the Buffalo Roam
Wild Innocence
While New York Sleeps
You Can't Take It With You
Young in Heart, The

